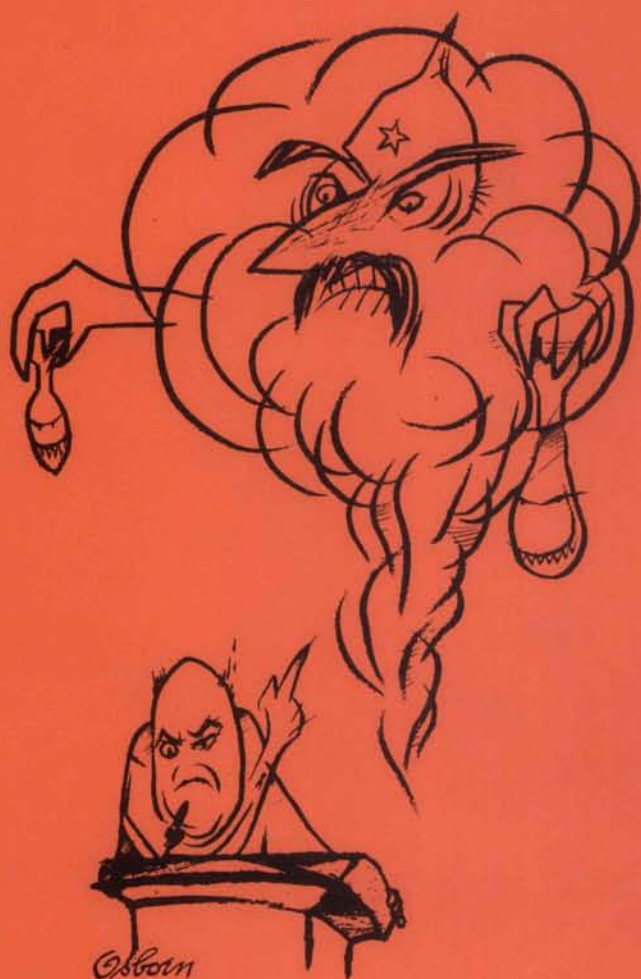


Where Can Wallace Go From Here? *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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"Curse you, Michael Kilroy!" snarled Sam Thistlethwaite. The stakes had risen hour after hour as the night advanced. We were haggard men now, playing Nixspeak, suggested by Jim Deakin of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, and knowing that fortunes were at stake, there at the Central Saloon of Broken Gulch.

Virgil, the dealer, looked at Sam who rapped twice. He picked up the two cards and I saw his eye gleam. Other tables were strangely quiet. The girl who was known as Lou (Luella E. Shidlitz of 1624 1/4 Frontier Street) stood frozen.

"Well?" demanded Sam in that mean voice of his.

I cupped my cards to my chest, selected one and laid it face up on the scruffy table. It was the Nixon-Kissinger disclosure: "The most generous peace offer in the history of warfare," it read. "I cancel it!" snarled Sam. He laid down a card—he had trumped my ace with a negative card, permitted in Nixspeak. It said, "I will not take this nation down the road of wages and price control however politically expedient that may seem."

"Zero, zero!" breathed John. It was time for a little bluff. "Give me 10 blue chips," I said and with the back of my hand negligently edged them into the center. "Not all of them?" gasped Virgil. They were worth a hundred each.

John hesitated, fingered his cards, then threw in his hand. "I was drawing against an ace," he said bitterly. He showed us the card, "The most far-reaching program ever presented to an American Congress—the New American Revolution." "All I got was miserable 'Breakthroughs.'"

Virgil, agonized for a moment, then threw in his hand, too. So it was between me and Sam, playing Nixspeak that wild night, for high stakes. "Call

you," said Sam laconically. "Match this!" He tossed a card on the table: "Few events can be called historic; the announcement which I read July 15 merits this term."

I threw down a canceling trump: "I have pledged to the American people that I would submit a balanced budget for 1971." (Budget Message, February, 1971)

Sam cringed. The bystanders breathed heavily. "Right out of the Nixon little red book," murmured Virgil. The score—two-two. "It's your turn to disclose," he said to me.

Maybe it is ostentatious to be undramatic; I don't know. In this case I simply tossed in my third card, a NHA (Nixon Hyperbole Ace), fresh from the China trip: "This was the week that changed the world."

"Come, Thistlethwaite, what have you got?" demanded John, mopping his face.

Sam took his next-to-the-last card and read the message aloud before putting it down, a caddish thing to do. It was about the devaluation of the dollar: "The most significant agreement in the history of the world."

"Neck and neck," said the woman who's known as Lou.

"Good," I said calmly. My card was the one on environment: "The most comprehensive and costly program in this field in America's history."

"What hands!" murmured Virgil. "Each of you has two cards left! It's a breakthrough."

"It's a historic first," corrected John. "Your play," he turned to me.

Two more rounds. My card said of the welfare program, "The most important piece of domestic legislation to go before Congress in 35 years."

"Only '35 years,'" sneered Sam. "You're weakening, partner. I cancel that, and disclose my final card."

"Cancel with what?" I demanded. Sam merely tossed down his NNA (Nixon Negative Act). It read, "I would not agree to admitting Red China to the United Nations." (October, 1968)

"Very well," I said, coolly. "What's your last card, Sammy?" He was beginning to show strain. He lit a cigarette but his hand shook. He laid down his final card, the Nixon comment on the all-star baseball reception in the White House: "Of the many receptions that have been held in this room, this is one of the most exciting of all."

We all shouted. Speaking almost to-

gether John and Virgil cried, "That's only a historic first!" (Under the count, five Breakthroughs, one Historic First, and so on up to Ace Hyperboles.)

There was absolute silence. I believe Thistlethwaite knew what was to come though I kept my face under control. Cards like that simply radiate their message by their vibrations.

"I believe I have it, gentlemen," I said mildly, putting down a card referring to the moon landing: "This is the greatest week in the history of the world since Creation."

Thistlethwaite made a sound like the last of the water running down the bathtub. Suddenly he was on his feet sending the cards flying; the call to the astronauts, "This certainly has to be the most historic telephone call ever made from the White House"; the school program, "One of the most comprehensive pieces of education legislation in history." Breakthroughs and Historic Firsts littered the floor: the Berlin agreement, "An historic agreement"; the revenue-sharing proposal, "For the first time in the history of this government"; the China trip, "the biggest surprise in history." Strange how the eye catches details!—there was the superb Nixon statement at Peking's Forbidden City, "It snows like this in Chicago," and even his masterpiece to Yeh Chien-ying, or somebody, at the Great Wall of China, "I think that you would have to conclude that this is a great wall."

Thistlethwaite grabbed the money and confronted us with a snub-nosed revolver. "You had 'The greatest week in Creation' up your sleeve!" he shrieked. (A lie; damn him.) "I'm going out of this window," he cried wildly. "With Nixon's little red book of hyperbole I can float—I can fly. What's down there?" he asked suddenly. "A wall," Virgil whispered.

The crazed man stood on the sill. "I think you would have to conclude that this is a great wall!" he quoted. And jumped.

NOTES:

The Florida primary; Wallace's victory precipitates racism into the campaign and Mr. Nixon will probably move swiftly to counter it with his own anti-busing variety; Humphrey's stock is up, Muskie's bandwagon broke an axle in New Hampshire; McGovern and glamor-boy Lindsay are neck and neck; lesser figures probably face early elimination.

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Where Can Wallace Go From Here?

"Now, we don't stop and figger, we don't think about history or theories or none of that. We just go ahead. Hell, history can take care of itself."—from Wallace by Marshall Frady

In the wake of the Florida hurricane, dazed Democrats who just want to beat Nixon are asking why their would-be leaders don't get together and stop cutting each other's throats? Get together behind whom, and what? What have Wallace, Humphrey, Muskie, McGovern, Lindsay, McCarthy, Yorty, Chisholm, Mills and Hartke in common, except a label? And what, apart from the call by several of them for faster and fuller withdrawal from Vietnam, do they promise that Mr. Nixon has not promised, or won't next week? Impressive as Governor Wallace's showing was, it says as much about the state of the party as about Wallace personally. That busing should have been the issue is a tragedy. Transporting a child from one place to another does not, in itself, guarantee he or she will learn more at the end of the road. But that any large part of the public could be so susceptible to demagoguery 18 years after the Supreme Court struck down legally enforced school segregation is a bitter commentary on the leadership of both parties. Senator Humphrey was reduced to the negative of not favoring busing children from good schools to poor schools just to satisfy court rulings. The voters of Florida in effect cast a vote of "no confidence" in the establishment's ability to conceive of or articulate new programs to ease the pain of desegregation and give the children of the nation an education of uniform and better quality.

But busing alone does not explain the results. We suspect Senator McGovern is correct when he says that many people "cast a vote for Governor Wallace believing that it was a way to register a protest against things as they are." The disaffection cuts across all class, race and age lines. Voters aren't sure why they're fed up, and they don't know what they would prefer instead. So they cheer a man who doesn't know either, a less literate Agnew, a man who proposes that the bureaucrats and their briefcases be thrown into the Potomac. They give him 42 percent of the Democratic vote—not because he spends more money than the others (Lindsay is said to have spent

\$500,000), and not (Vice President Agnew take note) because the press conspired to make him a hero; Wallace didn't have the endorsement of a single major newspaper in Florida.

Senator Muskie staggered into the state as the "frontrunner" and came out a battered fourth. He had noble words following his defeat: Wallace is "a threat to the underlying values of humanism and decency and progress and the prospects for the improvement for the human condition that his country has represented in its best years." But Muskie had not effectively countered that threat. Up to the last few days of the Florida campaign he had not much to offer but his belief in America.

Then there was Hubert Humphrey leading the Old Veterans with the old vim and vigor and celebrating getting 18.6 percent of the vote, drawn largely from the Jewish and black communities plus some traditional friends in organized labor. Humphrey has been making a good deal of the fact that he is his own man this year and not Lyndon Johnson's. It turns out to be a distinction without a difference.

Senator Jackson's supporters also celebrated their 13 percent. But the choice between Jackson and Humphrey can be calibrated only on an energy scale, and by that measurement or the measurement of national recognition, Jackson is the loser. He zeroed in on the state's 100,000 retired military men, on the conservative business community and its allies in organized labor who like his commercial investment policies, and on the "hawkish" segment of the Jewish community.

One of the less edifying dialogues in Florida was between the McGovern and the Lindsay people, trading charges over "buying blacks" and arguing over who deserved to be the candidate of the left. Lindsay waved a gun around the state, demonstrating the insensitivity of his city-hall oriented staff to the cultural nuances of other regions; the urban champion, Lindsay, ran sixth in Miami. When the two of them weren't sniping at each other, each had sensible things to say. But they wound up in a dead heat with about the same combined vote as Jackson's.

So we're left with Wallace. Where does he go now? His chances of winning the Democratic nomination are negligible to nonexistent, but he can make mischief along the way, and enjoy it. He has said that he will enter primaries in Illinois, Ohio and California. Illinois' primary is upon us; it's too late to get into that one. The filing deadline for California and Ohio has passed; only court challenges might open their ballots to Wallace, and it is highly improbable they would succeed. In Georgia, a hotbed of Wallace support in 1968, he has been all but wiped out already. Alabama will elect its delegates from 29 districts, at least nine of which are predominantly black. In Mississippi, his only hope lies in getting a small fraction of the delegates on Gov. Waller's slate—if all or part of

that slate is seated in Miami Beach. Wallace does have a good chance in North Carolina of adding to the 75 delegates he won in Florida. Its primary is in early May, and its delegates will be split between the top four candidates if each gets 15 percent of the total vote. Wallace is entered in the Pennsylvania popularity poll, but only four delegate candidates pledged to Wallace have filed in that state.

That still leaves quite a few ponds to fish. One is Maryland, with its border-state influences bolstered by huge concentrations of blue-collar workers, and where delegates are elected by congressional district but pledges of delegate candidates have yet to be announced; Michigan, again with an enormous blue-collar vote that seems to be up in arms over busing, and where each candidate who gets five percent of the vote shares in the split; and Indiana, Tennessee, Wisconsin and Massachusetts, where the frontrunner in each congressional district will take all, a few being left over for the at-large winner. With a multiplicity of candidates, a plurality in a district wins every delegate.

In sum, unless the coming primaries narrow the Democratic field sharply, and soon, the national convention will give us a replay of Florida. Even if the field does narrow, militant groups can be expected to thrust themselves into platform and candidate fights. We anticipate a woman's caucus, a youth caucus, a black caucus and a Chicano caucus at the minimum, all pressing demands that may be phrased in "non-negotiable" terms. Enter the Wallace bloc, hundreds strong, with its own set of "nonnegotiable" demands. As already reported in these pages, Wallace told a closed door session of Democratic governors that he won't stay inside the party if it lets "those intellectuals" write the platform. What if they do? Where does Wallace go then?

The third party route has formidable legal obstructions. In Indiana and Michigan, both states where he polled heavily four years ago (243,000 and 331,000 respectively), Wallace would have to go into court to overturn state laws that deny a candidate the right to run in the primary of one party and then turn around and enter the general election as the candidate of another party. Nebraska, Maryland and West Virginia require third party candidates to file at the same time primary candidates announce, thus cutting off a Wallace third party effort in those states. If he does finally decide to run in the fall on a third (or fourth) party ticket, he is most likely to confine himself to his happiest hunting ground—the South—again playing out his version of a "southern strategy" aimed at carrying enough states to do what he failed to do in '68—deadlock the Electoral College and throw the election into the House of Representatives.

Whatever he does, the Democrats are in distress, fragmented and leaderless, and no one is more pleased by that than the Republicans.

Know-Nothing Mitchell

With Acting Attorney General Richard Kleindienst guiding the way, the Republican leadership has trundled itself bag and baggage into a spectacular election-year debacle before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Jack Anderson, the syndicated columnist, sounded the first alarms February 29 when he printed a memo written by Mrs. Dita Beard, a Washington lobbyist for the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. (See "The ITT Scandal," NR, March 18, 1972.) The memo implied, and Anderson concluded, that there had been a secret "fix" involving the highest officials of the Justice Department and ITT: in return for a \$400,000 contribution to the Republican convention, he said, the Justice Department had dropped an anti-trust suit that would have stripped ITT of its most profitable subsidiary, the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. The matter might have ended there—a rumor denied without comment had not Kleindienst taken offense and asked the Judiciary Committee to reopen the hearings on his qualifications to be Attorney General, so that he might answer Anderson. The committee, chaired and run by Democrats, was happy to cooperate.

Kleindienst went to Capitol Hill believing he could talk his way out of suspicion by placing the facts before the senators and relying on his reputation. Whether by design or, as he claimed, by sheer oversight, he did not reveal all of his dealings with ITT at the outset. Instead, he delivered a prepared statement and then tried to patch up with new facts the inconsistencies that developed as the hearings went on. Some Democratic senators on the committee who voted unanimously with Republicans a week earlier to approve Kleindienst for confirmation felt that his credibility suffered in the process. Kleindienst's reputation at the White House may have suffered too, because the hearings he initiated have turned from an investigation of his abilities to a public inquiry into the administrative and financial structure of the Republican Party. In the course of a week's testimony, the public has learned how to buy a political convention and how to get big mergers past the Justice Department's antitrust division—all at the expense of the Republicans' image.

The Judiciary Committee hasn't yet spoken to the person who triggered it all—Mrs. Dita Beard—but it plans to send a delegation to ask some questions of her in the Denver Osteopathic Hospital, where she's resting and recovering from heart troubles. Even if she denies the implication of the ITT memo, as her lawyer did for her on March 10, she won't be able to call off the investigation or undo the damage. The committee has a list of about 10 more witnesses it would like to interview, including Rep. Bob Wilson (R, Calif.), Lieutenant Governor of California Ed Reinecke, and White House aide Peter Flanigan. The Senate leadership has

agreed not to vote on Kleindienst until the hearings are over.

It's tragic that Mrs. Beard, who obviously wanted to help ITT and the administration, should have gone so far astray as to become the chief vehicle for an election-year scandal involving both of them. On the other hand, having set itself up for such a disaster, ITT deserves every bit of the trouble these Judiciary hearings create, even if they cause no more than a momentary tremor of self-doubt. However, the Republican Party is suffering a truly fit punishment. Most Republican congressmen, like Senator Roman Hruska of Nebraska (a member of the committee), feel the party is being unfairly accused of conspiring with ITT, that nothing illegal has taken place, and that liberal senators and the press—desperate for something with which to embarrass Nixon—have chosen to destroy Kleindienst merely for doing what he naturally and properly should have done. Indeed, Sen. Hruska, famous for his speech defending mediocrity during the Carswell hearings, went so far as to defend the administration on the principle that shared sins are forgivable sins. He blurted out at one point in the ITT hearings that, "Conventions are bought and sold all the time in this country; everyone in this room knows that." One can sympathize with his frustration, not having the facts at hand to show how the Democrats do it too.

However, there is something especially right in Richard Nixon being stuck with the ITT scandal this year. Consider a President and his chief political strategist, two apparently sophisticated men, who allow their party's convention to accept cash from a huge conglomerate at the same time this conglomerate is supposedly being prosecuted by the Attorney General. And consider that the political strategist is *also* the Attorney General, and that the huge conglomerate is never taken to court. It's not surprising that when a little memo turns up, true or untrue, drawing all the lines and fixing all the motives, there's going to be a stink. How could there not be?

A Republican senator on the Judiciary Committee has called the hearings "a charade"; Martha Mitchell has called them "a three-ring circus"; and Dita Beard is said by her lawyer to have called them "an absurd circus." As a regularly scheduled show, featuring a new cast every two days and lots of verbal acrobatics, they may classify as a circus. But they reach the plane of absurdity only at odd moments, as when John Mitchell, Nixon's campaign manager for the second time around, tells the committee that he'd never been interested in ITT's pledge to the Republican convention, nor in the ITT antitrust litigation, and that he does not "know as of this date what arrangements, if any, exist between ITT or the Sheraton Hotel Corporation and the Republican National Committee, or between ITT or any of its subsidiaries and the City of San Diego. . . ."

On Normalizing Theft

As a follow-up on his reporting of McGraw-Hill's second book scandal of the young year, Henry Raymond of *The New York Times* talked last week with Abraham Kaminstein, who was until recently the Library of Congress' registrar of copyrights. Kaminstein observed that "McGraw-Hill in these cases has left the impression it is interested more in the money than in the integrity of books," which is a nice understatement. The latest indication of interest in the dollar is the discovery that a plagiarism suit against *The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox* (large sections of which were "reproduced almost literally," in Raymond's words, from James McGregor's *The Wounded Knee Massacre*, published in 1940) was filed last December, but that McGraw-Hill "sought to settle the case without attracting public attention" and without withdrawing their *Memoirs of Chief Red Fox*. (An out-of-court settlement is reported to have taken place, with the estate of James McGregor being cut in on future *Red Fox* royalties!) The next step would seem to be to publish the Clifford Irving "autobiography" anyway, a not unlikely possibility since, even as the indictment of the Irvings proceeded McGraw-Hill announced that it could not yet make "a final decision on the ultimate disposition of the manuscript." Or if that book were unpublishable perhaps McGraw-Hill could commission a new one, written by Irving, on how he composed and peddled his non-book. As a McGraw-Hill vice president put it, "We are definitely going to take whatever steps are necessary to get our money." Meanwhile, *The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox* has been selling without interruption since the plagiarism suit was filed, and the publisher has expressed no disagreement with Chief Red Fox's son, who shut out a reporter with the comment, "I will not allow anything that hurts the sale of the book or McGraw-Hill."

Copyright expert Kaminstein wants to liberalize and make intelligible our copyright laws, so that the rights of an author to the protection of his words are not nullified by the small print; but if publishers are not willing to display reasonable concern for the integrity of the word, we can hardly expect congressmen who have been holding up copyright reform to be concerned. McGraw-Hill's readiness to buy themselves out of trouble with the Indian book while letting it continue on sale is more questionable than the original failure, wholly understandable, to discover the book's unacknowledged sources.

Behind the legal issues of what constitutes plagiarism or fraud lurks our mixed-up educational system, which does a remarkably bad job teaching the old morality of the word. College students now tend to be indignant rather than penitent when their plagiarizings are discovered. Buying already written term papers is all the rage. Acknowledgements, quotation marks, footnotes are out of style. Reportorial accuracy

in recording statements is not a concept central to the new journalism, on or off campus. In other words, "making it" is not a unique preoccupation of McGraw-Hill. The trouble begins elsewhere and will not end with the current exposés. The little red fox has not only jumped over the lazy dog; he has started a church.

Surprise in Georgia

All along, McGovern managers have stressed the importance of organization and depth of commitment, while Muskie's emissaries scurried about the country soliciting "name" endorsements for their psychological impact. Now, we have another proof there's more validity to McGovern's strategy than Muskie's, and it comes from an unexpected place—Georgia. There, coalitions assembled by McGovern and Chisholm backers overwhelmed opponents in at least four out of 10 districts while Muskie backers, many of them top "names" in the Atlanta area, were swept aside.

In the fourth district (suburban DeKalb County, part of Atlanta) McGovern took all four delegates with the help of Emory University students; in the 5th (Atlanta), Chisholm took three while Julian Bond was elected as "uncommitted" but with liberal-left support.

Perhaps the most interesting was the rural and small-town east-central Georgia, where a coalition of students (from the University of Georgia), blacks (led by the leadership of black-controlled Hancock County) and organized labor swept the voting. Of the four delegates elected, one ran pledged to Chisholm and three as "uncommitted," of which the McGovern forces claim two. To win the district over the small-town regulars, some running as Wallace delegates, six busloads of blacks were brought in from Hancock County, and students poured in from Athens.

Even more unexpected was the result in the 2nd district, a rural hotbed of Wallace support in southwest Georgia, which borders on Alabama and includes such civil rights battlegrounds as Albany. Attorney C. B. King, a Chisholm backer, put together a coalition that swept three of four delegate seats. In the 6th district south of Atlanta but including a small portion of the city, four liberals including Vice Mayor Maynard Jackson, a black, were elected with strong student backing. Gov. Jimmy Carter won in the 3rd district, but will be hard-pressed to gain control of a delegation that includes 16 blacks out of 40 delegates, and has seven elected pledged to Chisholm, and six pledged to McGovern, plus additional support for both among the uncommitted. The 40 delegates plus 30 alternates will meet to elect 13 additional at-large delegates, at which time Gov. Carter will have to deal with either Wallace backers sprinkled in the delegation or the strong liberal element if he hopes to chair his own delegation.

Growing Pains

In 1970, Congress called for formulation of a national urban growth policy and for presidential reports on the subject in every ensuing even-numbered year. Mr. Nixon has just delivered the first such report, so quietly that it got almost no press notice. In addition to a statistical profile of US population trends since 1970 and the inevitable plugs for revenue sharing and other administration domestic initiatives pending in Congress, the report is largely a brief for having no national urban growth policy. It suggests, to begin with, that we should change the nomenclature and speak of a "national growth policy," since "citizens residing in our rural areas are confronted with problems no less pressing and no less deserving of national attention than those... afflicted by what is generally described as the 'urban crisis.'" The wider we spread the net, the more fish we catch. But there are fish and fish. There is an urban crisis and it is different in kind and size from rural America's—if only because two-thirds of our people live in metropolitan areas.

In essence, the report suggests that the administration doesn't much like the idea of a "growth policy" under any label: "There is no place in our country for any policy which arbitrarily dictates where and how our citizens will live and work and spend their leisure time." That is a swipe at a straw man. Congress had no such thing in mind. It sought to set up a strategic framework for planning and evaluating the myriad federal activities that influence growth and urbanization. It did so knowing that these activities (such as highway construction and housing finance) are now carried on in uncoordinated ways, with no unifying priorities. So long as the national government refuses direction or intervention, "growth" will mean only that more of us will live in a disorderly, decaying, and divided metropolitan house.

The All Bottled Up Soft Drink Business

The Federal Trade Commission has instituted antitrust actions against the nation's eight largest soft drink syrup manufacturers. The commission may never get to try its case. The cost to consumers may exceed \$500 million annually.

The big eight—Coca-Cola, Pepsi Co., Seven-Up, Dr Pepper, Canada Dry, Royal Crown, Cott, and Crush International—license independent companies in many areas of the country to convert their syrup into carbonated beverages and to sell them at the wholesale level. But the territory in which the independents

can bottle and sell is restricted. No two bottlers of the same brand share territory. In any location there is only one wholesale source of a given brand. Six of the big eight (all but Seven-Up and Crush) also bottle their own brands in selected territories. The system protects them from competition at the wholesale level. The Supreme Court in 1967 held such territorial schemes illegal *per se*.

The territorial system results in high, noncompetitive prices. The consumer pays the additional price. The monopoly overcharge is very roughly estimated by multiplying the industry's \$5 billion sales by the percentage of difference between the highest and lowest prices at which substantial sales of the same brand were made (recently measured at 30 percent). Economists assume that the lowest price is the competitive price, or near it, and that if the territorial restrictions were lifted and bottlers began to compete the price of soft drinks would fall until it approximated the competitive price. The 30 percent figure is the extreme difference. Allowing for an average decline of, say, 10 percent, the overcharge would be \$500 million. However, because there are additional savings to realize if the industry becomes competitive, such as elimination of monopoly inefficiencies, the total savings may climb back up toward the 30 percent figure (\$1.5 billion annually).

The FTC, if successful, would order an end to the territorial restrictions and, with proper policing of the industry by the FTC, the price of soft drinks would begin to fall in stores and supermarkets. To avoid this, the bottling industry seeks to obtain legislation exempting the industry's restrictive territory system from the antitrust laws by convincing Congress that the issue involved is the survival of small businesses. This representation is patently deceptive. Large independent bottlers, an increasing number of large conglomerate and diversified corporations, and syrup manufacturers themselves dominate soft drink bottling. Sixteen percent of bottling plants produce 70 percent of sales. Many of these plants are held by the larger companies in the business. The number of bottlers has shrunk from about 5200 in 1947 to 2300 in 1971. Only 1600 of these bottle under license from the big eight. Additionally, many of the bottlers produce two or more major brands. Thus the restrictive territory system is used not so much to protect the small bottler as to keep him in his place.

Westinghouse Electric, General Tire and Rubber, General Cinema, Illinois Central Industries, Midcontinent Industries, Pacific Intermountain Express (a large trucking firm), Rheingold (the brewery), Southdown (a conglomerate engaged in oil, gas and mortgage banking), and Wometco Enterprises, have begun acquiring very profitable bottling franchises. The three largest independent bottlers, Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of New York, Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of Los Angeles, and Associated Coca-Cola Bottlers, had respec-

tive 1971 sales of \$101 million, \$92 million, and \$90 million.

"Coke," through its subsidiaries, reserves for itself bottling rights in Chicago, Milwaukee, Gary, Columbus, Toledo, Boston, Providence, San Francisco, San Jose, Oakland, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. "Pepsi" does the same in Las Vegas, Phoenix, St. Louis, Detroit, Flint, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York City, Queens County, much of northern New Jersey, Boston, Dallas and Lubbock.

These, of course, are the facts which many congressmen have heard. Small bottlers, fearful of having to become efficient to survive and often under the thumb of a bottlers' association dominated by larger bottlers, have gone to the hill to plead the industry's case. A packet of sample letters to congressmen, transmitted to its members in May by the Coca-Cola Bottlers Association, emphasized the "small bottler" approach with no mention of the economic facts about the structure and membership of the industry. The letters also hinted that recycling of bottles is possible only through small franchises, without mentioning either that many franchises are already large or that bottlers consistently oppose local and state legislation to ban or tax non-returnable containers. Additionally, the sample letters cite a 1921 US district court case approving the restrictive territory franchise system without also mentioning the overruling 1967 Supreme Court decision.

The FTC has received "letters of inquiry" from more than half of Congress. Bottlers have personally contacted almost every member of Congress. More than 80 House bills have been introduced to exempt the industry. They have such disparate sponsors as New Hampshire's Louis Wyman and Tennessee's William R. Anderson. An identical Senate bill sponsored by Mississippi's James Eastland is co-sponsored mainly by southern Democrats and conservative Republicans, but Wyoming's Gale McGee is among the co-sponsors.

The chances of a bill being passed are unclear at this point. Hearings would be conducted by two of the strongest consumer advocates in Congress—Representative John Moss and Senator Philip Hart. Chances may depend upon increased congressional knowledge of the industry and increased public awareness of the existence and purpose of the bills. They may also depend upon whether enough consumers care about half a billion dollars or more one way or the other.

Passage of an exemption bill would have two serious consequences. First would be the continued transfer of the monopoly overcharge and costs of monopoly inefficiency to consumers. Second, there is the danger of seriously impeding antitrust enforcement at the FTC, which will find it hard not to perceive such legislation as a signal that Congress, not the Courts, reviews FTC decisions when big money is at stake. Neither result would bode well for the consumer or for hopes of making our system of corporate law enforcement work.

Mark Silbergeld

The Dust Settles Peace in Pontiac

Pontiac, Mich.

Six months ago, the public schools in this industrial city of 85,000 were integrated by federal court order, and a month later Daniel Zwerdling gave us a scary on-the-spot report in these pages: 10 buses blown up; five white men, including a former grand dragon of the Michigan Ku Klux Klan, indicted; white parents chaining themselves to gates of the yard in which buses were kept; whites picketing two auto plants and closing them for a day; demonstrations and some fist-cuffs in the integrated schools.

Things have changed. There still is tension and fear but Pontiac schools are running smoothly. Mrs. Irene McCabe, the leader of the National Action Group (NAG), still insists integration isn't working, but she doesn't speak for Pontiac. School Superintendent Dana Whitmer says, "Things have stabilized. Attendance is normal." Vic Bouckaert, executive director of the Pontiac Education Association, says: "The prophets of doom have been proved wrong. They predicted all sorts of terrible things would happen in our schools. They didn't. Busing is no longer an issue."

About 9600 of the district's 21,300 students are bused today, compared with 3200 before integration. About 37 percent of the students are black, another five percent Spanish-American. Most come from middle- or lower-income families. After school started last fall, several hundred white pupils were pulled out and sent to newly organized and unaccredited all-white "freedom schools," which met in basements and the Amvets hall. Practically all are back in public schools; a few mothers removed their high school sons and daughters from the basements when they found them using sixth grade books in 10th and 11th grade subjects.

At Jefferson Junior High, an integrated group of seventh graders has organized a novel kind of pep club, called "Let's Make It Work"—"It" being integration. They have performed in other Pontiac schools and on TV, belting out in their thin sopranos songs like "Put a Little Love in Your Heart" and "Let the Sun Shine In," always to loud bursts of applause.

Mrs. Francile Anderson, president of the PTA Council, says "the children are having no problems; it's the parents." William J. Lacy, assistant superintendent for instruction and school organization, says that "Academically, the black kids do better and the whites don't do any worse." Principal Hutchins concedes the children went through "a painful process of getting to know each other. But today, there's very little color consciousness."

The increased busing is costing Pontiac \$700,000 a year, and that money has come out of the district's \$21.5 million budget. Some teacher hirings and some

curriculum enrichment have had to be postponed. Paradoxically, the original white anti-busers resent the fact that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has refused to allow spending of any of the \$65 million in emergency desegregation funds voted by Congress this year to support transportation. There has been some "white flight"; the school district lost 2500 students this year, practically all of them white. Their families presumably moved to adjacent lily-white suburbs, but these families—and hundreds of thousands more in Greater Detroit—may be in for a shock. Federal Judge Stephen J. Roth has already found that the Detroit school system is segregated because of official government action (that is, segregated de jure) and has said school integration may have to be extended to the Detroit metropolitan area "to give children the kind of education they are entitled to constitutionally." Roth is expected to issue a final ruling on school integration before school begins this fall. Detroit has 184,200 black students and 100,700 white. Its three neighboring counties, Wayne, Oakland and Macomb, have 660,000 students, of whom only 24,000 are black. Detroit, the nation's fifth largest city, has the fourth largest school system.

Judge Roth—a 62-year-old former Michigan attorney general appointed to the federal bench by President Kennedy in 1962, a native Hungarian and a man who washed dishes to work his way through Notre Dame University—has issued no final order and mandated no busing. But the prospect of what he might do has left Greater Detroiters in a frenzy. In the posh suburbs of Bloomfield Hills, Grosse Pointe and Birmingham and in the white working class suburbs of Oakland, Dearborn, and Southgate the visions of busing have raised the usual white fears that children will be sent to inferior schools. The Detroit system spends about \$675 per child a year, the suburbs, \$1200.

In his original ruling, Judge Roth conceded the Detroit school board had done a lot to minimize segregation, perhaps more than any other northern district. It recruited black teachers and principals and deliberately promoted them. It banned the transfer of white students to escape attending predominately black schools. It created its own textbooks to get away from standard texts with racist words and pictures. Nevertheless, Roth, in a decision that could have wide significance throughout the North, ruled that Detroit's schools had been deliberately segregated, and he blamed the entire social order for that segregation, including housing patterns encouraged by the federal government.

Scores of suburban Detroit school boards are opposed to metropolitan-wide integration, with one exception. Mount Clemens, a not-so-prosperous small city in Macomb County, has not joined a single anti-busing resolution, has achieved its own integration by voluntarily redrawing school boundaries (the district is 21 percent black). Board members who supported

the superintendent in this were reelected easily.

The prospect of Roth-ordered integration in southern Michigan, and integration efforts elsewhere (including Grand Rapids, the home of House minority leader Gerald Ford) have affected the political situation in the state. (The fact that there are more integration efforts in Michigan than any other northern state is linked to the NAACP's strength there.) Sen. Robert P. Griffin, the Republican up for reelection this fall and a leader in anti-busing efforts, is given a reasonable chance of winning, probably against Democratic Attorney General Frank J. Kelley. The House Democrats from Michigan, heretofore considered the most liberal in the country on civil rights, have been ducking for cover. Liberals like James G. O'Hara, John Dingell and William Ford now say they would rather delay busing and concentrate on "quality education." They and many others conveniently forget that the Supreme Court since 1954 has repeatedly said that separate educational facilities are inherently unequal. These politicians must realize that if they want desegregation and neighborhood schools the only logical answer is integrated neighborhoods. How long would it take to integrate Detroit's suburbs? Look at the 1970 population figures: in Rep. Ford's district, Allen Park has 41,000 people but only 29 blacks. Ford's home town, Taylor, has 70,000 people and 20 blacks. In Rep. Dingell's district, Dearborn has 104,000 people and 13 blacks. In Rep. O'Hara's district, Warren has 179,000 people and 132 blacks and Centerline has 10,000 people and only one black. Department of Housing and Urban Development records show that in all these towns there is one housing project for the poor—for 110 people in Taylor. Integrated neighborhoods?

But Detroit can learn from the kids in Pontiac and the reasonable men in Mount Clemens. Integration can work, given responsible leadership, sensible busing schedules—and time.

Robert W. Dietsch

The Nixon Watch

Politics and Controls

On March 7, a week after the President got back from China and immersed himself in domestic affairs, he met with the group that is variously designated at the Nixon White House, in one of that staid institution's few flights into whimsy, as the Troika and the Triad. Its three members are Treasury Secretary John B. Connally, budget director George P. Shultz, and Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. They were asked to update the President on the state

of the economy and the prospects that he would be able to say with confidence next summer and fall, when he is actively running for reelection, that his promise of prosperity with "reasonable price stability" was on the way to fulfillment. Stein, who had prepared a written report for the President, said later that Mr. Nixon never embarrasses his professional economists with blunt demands for information and advice tailored to his political needs and that he had not done so in this instance. The call for assurance that the President's unprecedented effort to control and stabilize the economy would be enough of a success by campaign time to confound the Democrats and give Mr. Nixon a winning issue was only implied, but the officials at the meeting understood that this was what they were talking about. Stein said he reported that the economy was in good shape and going to be in better shape and that the price, wage and rent control system which the President installed last November, beginning Phase 2 of the stabilization process that had started in August with an absolute freeze, was working pretty well. A reporter asked Stein whether the President could judge from what he was told at the meeting that he could expect to be saying next summer and fall, with facts to support him, that the annual rate of price inflation was coming down to the promised level of between 2 and 3 percent and that the national unemployment rate was being brought down from a politically dangerous 6 percent to a defensible 5 percent. Stein answered "Yes" and handed the reporter the text of a speech in which, he indicated, he told the New York Association of Business Economists on March 9 approximately what he had told Mr. Nixon on the 7th.

In view of what Stein was telling a group of Washington reporters within 24 hours, and of other signs that a certain unease pervaded the actual White House view of the economic prospects, it was an interesting speech. In it, Stein set forth the happy vision of "more production, less unemployment and less inflation in 1972" and said that most of the respected professional forecasts project a year to be marked by "a strong, steady, but not exuberant and not inflationary expansion." He said the Council of Economic Advisers stood by its January prediction "that the unemployment rate would decline to the neighborhood of 5 percent by the year-end and that we would achieve the goal of an inflation rate not in excess of 2 to 3 percent by year-end also." Big jumps in new housing starts, manufacturers' new orders, indicated business investment, and the rate of increase of the monetary supply permitted by the Federal Reserve Board, were among the items cited from "a quite extraordinary run" of favorable statistics. Stein acknowledged that price inflation continued to be "our most difficult if not our most serious problem," but he argued that the problem was being solved and that the two agencies responsible for direct con-

trols, the Pay Board and the Price Commission, had set and were enforcing standards that should "yield the target rate of inflation at the end of the year." Here a note of concern that was soon to be accentuated crept into the speech. Observing that "critical confrontations between the system and powerful private groups" are bound to occur, Stein said that "the administration is aware of that and (is) prepared to use its full resources to assure the continuity and success of the system."

Stein had to deal the next day, at a press conference in Washington, with the announcement of the wholesale price index for February. After adjustment to eliminate seasonal variations, it had jumped seven tenths of one percent over the January level. That doesn't seem like much to laymen, but when it's multiplied by 12 it translates into an annual inflation rate of 8.4 percent. Given that current rate, Stein was asked whether he really thinks the goal of 2 to 3 percent by the end of the year is realistic. "Oh, yes," he answered, "I don't see any problem there." But he did see a problem there and he indicated what he thinks the problem is and isn't.

It isn't, he said, the recent rise in the prices of farm products and processed foods—cattle, hogs, meats, poultry, fish—although the increase in those prices accounted for the biggest part of the total wholesale price rise. He said that the administration's farm program, with its deliberate stimulus to farm income and the policy decision not to attempt any control of prices paid to farmers, "reflects a balance of considerations." The chief consideration, which is political, was not mentioned, but it was implicit in Stein's admission that the administration has no intension of even trying to control the prices of farm products. What it does intend, he said, is to do whatever it thinks necessary and it can do to restrain the prices of industrial commodities, principally meaning manufactured products. "That seems to me," Stein said, "to be the core of the inflation problem." In the six months before the August freeze was imposed, industrial commodities prices increased at an annual rate of 5.7 percent. In the six months after August, the rate dropped to 1.4 percent and in February alone it was only four tenths of one percent. Now, Stein said, the problem is "to get that point-four down to something like point-two" and "we are going to do what we can to make it happen."

The instruments for doing whatever is done "to make it happen" are the President's Cabinet-level Cost of Living Council, the Pay Board, and the Price Commission. Mrs. Marina Whitman, the first woman appointed to the Council of Economic Advisers, said after Stein dropped his intimations of concern and of further action that stiffer controls than those so far sanctioned by the Cost of Living Council and imposed by the Pay Board and the Price Commission may be necessary if critical prices don't soon stop rising. Any such action on a broad and effective front would require some very delicate maneuverings and negotia-

tions between the Cabinet Council, which determines overall stabilization policy, and the Pay Board and Price Commission, which apply the policy in specific cases and like to believe that they evolve a good deal of their own policy without White House dictation.

George Meany of AFL-CIO and the four other labor members of the Pay Board agreed to join the five management and five "public" members only after the President promised last October that its decisions would not be subject to appeal to the Cabinet Council. Meany and his brethren interpret the promise to rule out any presidential interference with the board's business, which at best entails enormous strains between the labor members and other members. The result is that the council's chairman, John Connally, and its staff director, Donald Rumsfeld, inject themselves into board and commission affairs only with the greatest caution. Rumsfeld, a sunny sort of fellow who is adept at making difficult situations seem less difficult than they are, acknowledges that the council

has caused both the board and the commission to bring some speed and order into their originally slow and disorderly procedures, and to correct some early rulings that were thought to be either impracticable or unfair, or both. But he says that it's all been done by consultation and persuasion, not by dictate, and one may assume that any serious stiffening of wage and price standards would call for much stiffer direction from the council to the board and commission than the officials acting for the President have dared to risk up to now.

It may also be assumed that stiffer direction from on high will be forthcoming if Mr. Nixon concludes that the prospects outlined to him by his Troika-Triad on March 7 were too rosy by far and that the later indications of doubt that the stabilization program has been adequately stabilizing are justified. The single certainty in a sea of economic uncertainties is that the President isn't about to let a Nixon inflation do him out of reelection.

John Osborne

"Sufficiency Is Superiority in Another Cloak"

Laird's Latest Alarms

by Herbert Scoville, Jr.

"The Soviet Union is continuing to create strategic capabilities beyond a level which, by any reasonable standards, already seems sufficient." So said President Nixon in his State of the World message on February 9. The point can be conceded. The Soviets have strategic forces well beyond those needed to deter a US attack, even if our strategic arsenals continue to increase at a high rate.

But what President Nixon's message did not say is that the US is also building forces greater than needed to deter a Soviet attack and prevent us or our allies from being coerced. The administration policy of "sufficiency" is only superiority in another cloak.

We are now placing MIRVs (multiple warheads which can be aimed at individual targets) on a large fraction of our land- and seabased ballistic missiles.

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Secretary Laird reports that during the past year we added warheads to our missile force at the rate of almost three a day. MIRV deployment as an alternative to building more missile launchers has long had strong support by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and most of those who are now leading the hue and cry about Russian superiority in missile launchers are ignoring this warhead expansion. Our total offensive force loadings will, according to Secretary Laird, increase between mid-1971 and mid-1972 from 4700 to 5700 weapons while, during the same period, the Russians will only add 400 new weapons to their stockpile of 2100. At this rate, it will be a long time before they catch up.

All elements of our strategic forces are being improved far beyond the requirements of "sufficiency." We are deploying a new generation of missiles in both our land- and seabased launchers when no current threat requires them. We are planning to build still

more advanced missile submarines (ULMS) before there is any conceivable danger to the existing ones. We are building a new bomber, the B-1, years before the B-52s will become obsolete. We are deploying an ABM defense of Minuteman missiles which is not needed to preserve our deterrent, and is, moreover, inadequate and poorly designed to protect these missiles if the Soviets do develop a MIRVed ICBM force.

Over and over again, Secretary Laird and other Defense officials have stressed the *momentum* of the Soviet strategic build-up as justification for these additional weapons on the part of the US. On January 25, Laird prefaced his request for supplemental appropriations in this fiscal year with the statement: "These funds will be used for programs that we need to start now to meet defense requirements as a result of the Soviet weapons momentum."

What is this "momentum"? In his Annual Report of February 15, Laird described the Soviet strategic weapons developments which presumably worry him the most. The following item by item analysis of all of these leaves some doubt as to whether his concern is warranted.

Continued Deployment of ICBMs

The increase in Soviet landbased ICBMs has in the past always been cited as the dominating element in the threat. The Russians now have 1520 ICBM launchers as compared to 1054 US launchers. Though some 100 new Soviet silos have been identified for new or modified ICBM systems, the build-up has been slowing down. Indeed, Mr. Nixon in his State of the World message noted that the USSR added only 80 ICBMs last year, compared to 256 the previous year. Secretary Laird now projects an increase of only 30 between November 1, 1971 and mid-1972, and points out that the SS-9, SS-11 and SS-13 programs may be over. So the "momentum" in total numbers of Soviet ICBM launchers seems to be petering out.

What about the large ICBMs—the SS-9s which were most feared as potential first strike threats to our Minuteman deterrent? Here, the pace has slowed even more dramatically. In August, 1969, the Soviets were reported to have more than 275 SS-9s operational or under construction, and Secretary Laird predicted an increase of 50 or more per year in then justifying the need for the Safeguard ABM. Now, two-and-a-half years later, he reports that there are only about 300 of these large type ICBMs operational or under construction—hardly a cause for new alarm this year or requiring major increases in funds for new US strategic weapon systems. Included in this Soviet total are the same 30 new large launchers that were first reported under construction a year ago. No new Soviet missile has been tested for these launchers even a year

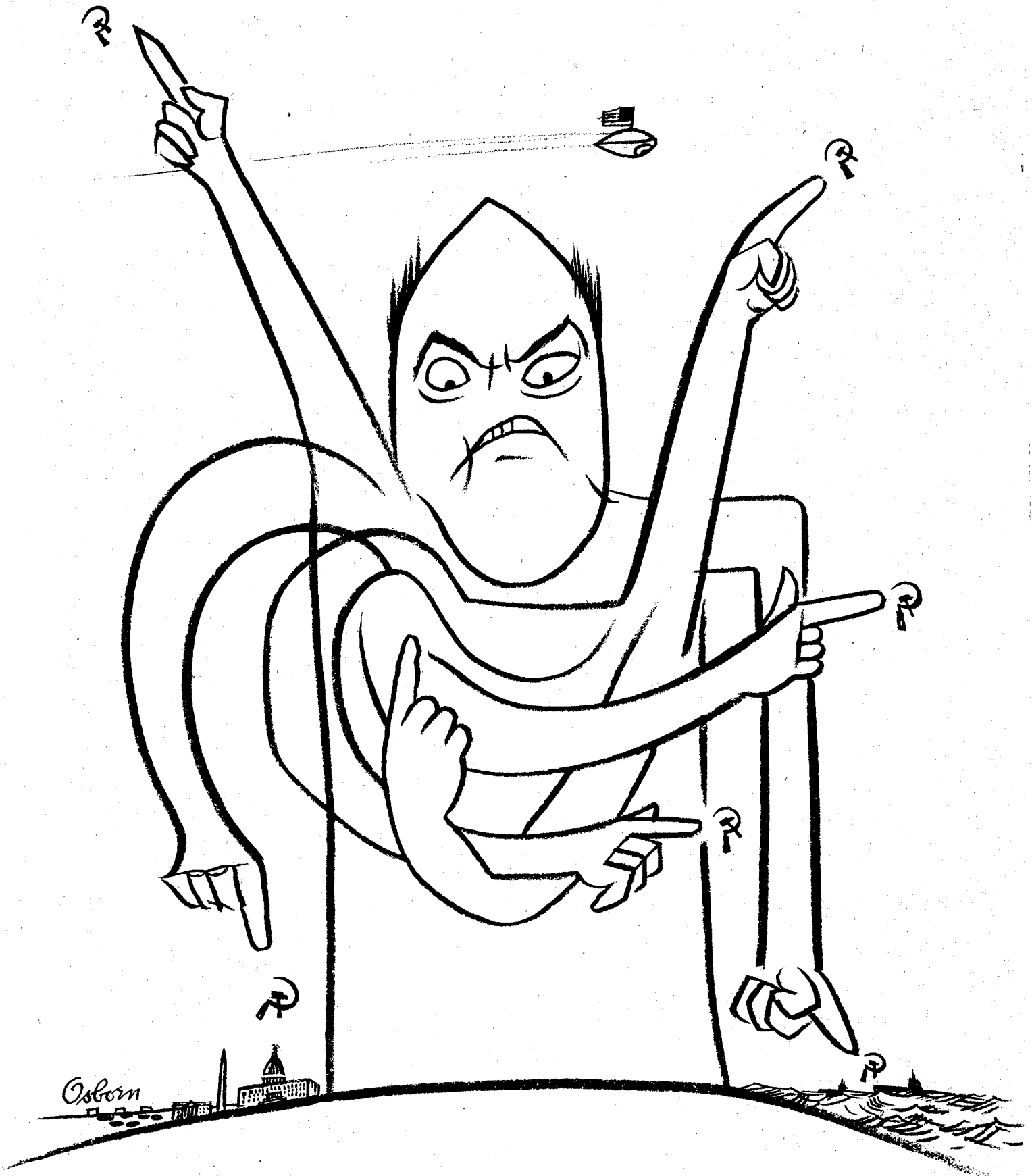
later, and even if a new missile were to be deployed in them, it would not signify any increase in previously estimated threats we've always assumed. The SS-9 is capable of launching any MIRV system the Soviets chose to develop. If they need a different missile to have a MIRV to threaten Minuteman, then our previous worries were greatly exaggerated. It is rumored that the Russians may accept a ceiling on large missiles at SALT (Strategic Arms Limitations Talks). If so, that would publicly commit them to *halt a program they have almost stopped unilaterally*.

Secretary Laird also refers to extensive testing since 1965 of a modification of the SS-9 which would permit it to be fired on a depressed trajectory or used as a fractional orbit bombardment system (FOBS). This was mentioned years ago by Secretary McNamara and is not provocation for increased concern today. Such a system would be less effective than the basic SS-9 in destroying our Minuteman missiles.

MIRVs

The Russian MIRV program is *now* behind where it was said to be in 1969 by the administration. At that time, Mr. Nixon and defense officials reported that the Soviets had been testing a multiple reentry vehicle system which had a "footprint" that appeared to threaten our Minuteman silos. Now Secretary Laird states that, "while the Soviets probably have not tested MIRV missiles thus far, they have conducted many tests of the SS-9 with multiple reentry vehicles (MRVs) since flight testing began in August 1968. The last MRV tests were in late 1970." What kind of "momentum" is this? The testing of a MRV on the small SS-11 ICBM, or even the deployment of MRVs as recently reported by Laird, subsequent to his report to Congress, calls for no panic. All authorities have conceded that MRVs, whether on the SS-9s or SS-11s, do not endanger our Minuteman. Cries of alarm for three years cannot alter the fact that there is no present evidence that the Soviets have started a MIRV program.

The President correctly states that the Russians have the basic technological ability to develop MIRVs, and this can be the only explanation for Secretary Laird's prediction that the "Soviet MIRV capability could be achieved next year." But there is no factual evidence to support such an estimate since testing has not begun. It would appear that Laird's prediction is even less valid and even more misleading than those made in 1969. For although the Soviets *could* begin testing at any time, it would almost certainly be more than three years before they could deploy any system that could even marginally threaten Minuteman. With the limited number of large missiles that will be available to the Soviets in the near future, such a MIRV system would have to disperse accurately six or more warheads per missile. This is within the payload capability of the SS-9, but a very long time would be re-



quired before it could be developed, tested, and deployed in significant quantities.

Submarine Missiles

The Soviets have during the last three years been building up their submarine ballistic missile force. They have 25 operational Y-class submarines, each with 16 missiles; they are turning out additional submarines at the rate of 9 to 10 a year as compared with the eight a year estimated earlier. When all those now under construction are completed, however, they will only have achieved approximate numerical parity with the US. They will still be below the total Western forces, since the French and the British also have small missile submarine fleets. More important, President Nixon recently said that "our missiles have longer range and are being equipped with multiple independently targetable warheads. Moreover, our submarines are now superior in quality." This year, as last year, authorities have referred to a new long-range Soviet submarine missile, but it has been reported that this missile could not be fired from the Y-class submarines unless these are modified.

Since missile submarines are primarily deterrent weapons and cannot be used to attack either the Minuteman or Polaris portions of the US deterrent, it is hard to see how this Russian build-up would justify adding to US strategic forces. Our submarine strategic forces are "highly survivable," says Mr. Laird, and while there are indications that the Soviets are attempting to establish an area surveillance system and associated ASW (anti-submarine warfare) strike forces, they do not as yet have this capability. Other officials have testified that they have not been able to identify any developments that indicate a Soviet threat to our seabased missile deterrent.

None of the reported Soviet weapons programs require the construction on a crash basis of a new submarine missile system (ULMS), which may cost tens of billions of dollars and may be designed to cope with the wrong threat. This is not security; it is insanity.

Strategic Bombers

Both the President and Secretary Laird have warned of a new Soviet supersonic bomber. What they have in mind is a medium-range aircraft, probably primarily designed for use in Eurasian situations and of little direct threat to the continental US. Laird reports "a probability that it has a capability for in-flight refueling. With refueling it could reach virtually all US targets." He does not say whether these bombers could ever get back to Russia, if they were used against such targets. Again, the development of this type of Soviet bomber, about which we have known for several

years, does not require expanded US programs in response. We now have an overwhelming quantitative and qualitative lead in strategic bombers.

ABMs

Laird also reports that "construction of the Moscow ABM system has resumed and testing of an improved ABM missile continues." He referred to this resumption last year and to the testing back in 1969. Nevertheless, Admiral Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has just said that the Moscow system, even with improved radars and more and better interceptors, could still be saturated by a very small part of our total missile force. It does not, therefore, endanger our deterrent. The US has apparently been seeking at SALT, ABM limitations at levels *greater* than the present Moscow system, so it is hard to believe that the administration is really worried about the Moscow ABMs. Furthermore, the Soviets have been eager for an agreement to limit ABMs, and President Nixon has expressed optimism that this can be achieved at an early date, so the long-term danger from ABMs may never develop. If the SALT negotiations break down, the Soviet ABM program still does not warrant increases in US strategic force levels for many years. We have ample lead time to put into effect any necessary countermeasures.

The deployment of a widespread space tracking system that would enable the Russians to predict the position of near-earth orbit satellites is described by Secretary Laird as a Soviet research and development effort worth mention. Presumably this system is composed of the same surveillance radars that a year ago he sought to associate with a Soviet ABM system. Apparently, the association is no longer considered quite so valid, and the fears generated in some quarters in past years are no longer as great. A space tracking system is not a major security threat; the US has had one for more than 10 years.

In sum, in its current round of budget requests the administration has been crying wolf: it has not come forth with a single new development in the last year that in any way demonstrates a new threat to our strategic deterrent. The Soviet ICBM program is winding down and its MIRV program is many years behind original predictions. Only in the area of submarine missile deterrent systems has the Soviet program continued to roll forward, and here the US is more than one generation ahead. The Russian strategic weapons programs are continuing, but their momentum is faltering.

In contrast, we have been moving forward with increasing speed on all fronts. We are deploying MIRVs rapidly so as to increase our force loadings at the rate of 1000 warheads per year. We are developing new guidance systems for these MIRVs. We are de-

ploying a new model ICBM, Minuteman III, and modifying our submarines to fire the new Poseidon missile with a payload four times as large as the Polaris. We are not building any additional missile launchers, but no one has seriously advocated our increasing these for many years. We have a far more extensive anti-submarine warfare program both in terms of deployment and in terms of research and development than the Soviet Union. We are proposing

to commit large sums to a new missile submarine (ULMS), though our present system is far superior to the Soviet Union's. We are building a new intercontinental bomber. We are proceeding with an expanded ABM deployment and carrying out extensive research and development on next generation systems. Restraint in US weapons programs is hard to find. The administration ought to drop the double standard by which it evaluates US and Soviet strategic weapons.

Loyalists vs. Regulars

Mississippi's Two Democratic Parties

by Ken Bode

What will happen to the Unsolid South in 1972 has been the political analysts' favorite guessing game since the polls closed in 1968. In that year, the Democratic Party carried only one southern state, Texas. Hubert Humphrey ran third in the region, trailing George Wallace and Richard Nixon in both popular and electoral votes; and in the five deep South states (Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina), it is estimated that over 70 percent of the total vote for the national Democratic ticket was cast by blacks. That election gave rise to the notion that the once Democratic South could become the future source of Republican presidential victories. Kevin Phillips argued that the formula for GOP success lay in appealing to white voters—still the vast majority of the southern population.

Some on the Democratic side welcomed Phillips' strategy. If the GOP wanted to spend its time fishing for segregationist votes, fine. The Democrats, on the other hand, should start rebuilding from the core of support afforded them by blacks and white liberals. By leaving the segregationists to Wallace and the Republicans and by funneling national patronage

(including judicial appointments) through liberal Democrats, the party could lay a strong claim to the region's political future.

Others argue that Democratic erosion in the Old Confederacy came to a peak—and a halt—in 1968 and that the southern party establishment can once again be counted on to deliver votes for the national ticket. They point to the midterm elections of 1970-71 and claim that a new generation of progressive Democratic leaders has emerged, led by a group of young governors (Carter of Georgia, Askew of Florida, Bumpers of Arkansas, West of South Carolina, Scott of North Carolina, Edwards of Louisiana, and Waller of Mississippi)—men who got elected without using race as a wedge to divide the population and without relying on white, one-party electoral majorities. While moderate by national standards, the new governors are also sufficiently pragmatic to recognize that Nixon-Wallacism threatens their collective political future. Therefore, so the argument runs, they are willing to make whatever accommodation is necessary to remain in the national party and to work for its continued southern success.

One new governor who will have special problems finding his way into the national Democratic Party is Mississippi's William L. Waller. In the past eight years, there have been two Democratic parties in his state. Waller comes from a group of "Regulars" who

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lost their party credentials at the 1968 national convention. Though they are still recognized as Democrats by the state of Mississippi, they have been unable to establish a serious claim to national party credentials in the intervening years. The group officially recognized by the '68 convention, the "Loyalists," has no legal status in Mississippi, but it has diligently protected its standing with the national party and its right to be seated again at Miami Beach.

Last month, there were two Democratic state conventions in the state capital. One was organized by the Regulars, and one was convened by the Loyalists. Both were ostensibly called to select delegates for the 1972 national convention. Both conventions now stand recessed but not adjourned, each faction having left the door slightly ajar for compromise. The settlement of the Mississippi controversy will have important consequences for the Democratic convention. The outcome could also have a major effect on the 1972 election, the future of the two-party system in the South, power relationships in the United States Congress, and the political future of blacks and whites in Mississippi.

Their interest in national party affairs notwithstanding, the main thrust of the Loyalists since 1968 has been within the state. They have sought to open the Democratic party to its constituents—black and white alike. "It makes no sense whatever," says Ms. Pat Derian, Loyalist national committeewoman from Jackson, "for Aaron Henry, Charles Evers, Hodding Carter and me to fly off to national meetings in Washington and for a few others to go to the convention each four years. We want more than that for the people we represent."

To get it, the Loyalists have adopted an open-door policy for members of the white Regular faction. "We had nine statewide meetings of our party in 1971," says Chairman Henry, "and sent written notices to every official of the other party. They never came, of course, but Larry O'Brien in Washington knows we invited them." They also tried to take advantage of the increased black registration to elect some of their own to office in 1970. With Charles Evers running as a long-shot candidate for governor to draw out the black vote, over 200 blacks entered election races. (Forty-eight ran for the state legisla-

ture.) The spate of black candidacies appears mainly to have spurred white turnout, and when the votes were counted, there was still only one black member of the Mississippi legislature.

Late last year, with the national convention approaching, the Loyalists appointed a committee on unity and directed it to prepare for serious negotiations with the Regulars. As a working document, the committee developed a series of negotiating points, most of which are (in the words of a committee member) "minimum requirements in the development of a political party whose actions have an effect on the lives of its members."

At present, only the Loyalists will have a role at the national convention and a voice in the selection of the party's presidential ticket. The negotiating points indicate that they are willing to talk to Gov. William Waller and the Regulars about giving up some of the power if they are assured of a fair return. Included in the points are the following provisions:

- 1) A single 15-member state party executive committee with seven members (including one co-chairman) to be appointed by each side, along with one person mutually acceptable. This committee, with a minimum of seven black members, would serve as an advisory board for all appointments to state boards, agencies and commissions, and for all federal patronage in Mississippi, including federal judgeships and postmasters.
- 2) Merger of the Regulars and the Loyalists under the Loyalist constitution. (The Regular rules still contain a segregation clause and permit the use of the unit rules.) Introduction and support of legislation by the governor to change Mississippi statutes to comply with national party procedures (including a provision for registration by party). All county executive committees of the unified party based on the racial division of these counties, with Loyalists and Regulars each naming their appropriate proportion of the membership.
- 3) A 1972 National Convention delegation composed of 60 percent Loyalists and 40 percent Regulars, with all delegates pledged not to campaign against the nominees of the convention. Representation for blacks, women and young people on the delegation consistent with the McGovern-Fraser rules. (Gov. Waller would be a member of the delegation, pledged to support and campaign for the national ticket through an official state campaign office to be established by the party.)
- 4) Endorsement and active campaigning for single-member district apportionment by Gov. Waller. (All Mississippi state legislators are now selected from multi-member districts, which works a special hardship on racial minorities.)

COMING: can corrections correct? — a four part series on prison reform by Robert Martinson

Hiring of blacks in state jobs in a ratio of 2-1 over whites until equity is reached. Agreement by the governor to respect the integrity of existing antipoverty agencies and to allow them to retain effective control of their programs.

In describing the unity efforts at the Loyalist convention in Jackson, Pat Derian said, "Each side has something the other wants. We have the national party credentials and the votes at Miami Beach. They have power at the county level. These are substantial things of equal value, and, let me assure you, when we talk with the other side, we won't be giving anything away."

The Regulars' move toward unity has been more hesitant than the Loyalists'. For the past three years, party officials did nothing to heal the breach. When Aaron Henry requested the use of the Regular precinct polling places to hold meetings earlier this year, his request was summarily denied. "I think I speak for the entire executive committee," said State Chairman Leon Bramlett in January, "and I don't think any of those men would be interested in a union with the Loyalist group." Even Waller, who seems to want to refurbish Mississippi's image and to join the other governors of the New South, has been erratic on the question of unity. While saying he is interested in going to the convention, Waller balances it off by public refusal to return Aaron Henry's phone calls and disparaging remarks about Loyalists' internal disunity.

Knowing, however, that the Loyalists were willing to negotiate, Waller had a series of options—all of which seemed to have occurred to him and some of which have by now been closed. First, recognizing that the official call to the 1972 convention would go to Aaron Henry, he might have allowed the Loyalists to use the Regular precinct polling places and instructed his followers to go to Loyalist meetings. If, as Waller contends, the Regulars represent 77 percent of the Democrats in Mississippi, they could have easily taken charge of the meetings (run under open Loyalist rules) and effected a de facto unity at the precinct level.

Instead, he opted for separate meetings, but suggested that the Loyalists and Regulars might attend each others' precinct meetings. The Loyalists took Waller seriously, attended the Regulars' meetings and managed to gain control in four or five counties. But among his own party members, Waller discovered that State Chairman Bramlett's separatist views were pretty much shared down the line. When Hinds County Executive Committeeman Jimmy Ditto was asked if he had contacted any of the Loyalist Democrats about coming to his precinct meeting, he replied archly, "I don't know who any of them are." And very few white Regulars came to the black churches and meeting halls where the Loyalist meetings were, of necessity, held.

Waller's second option was to get the Regular Party ruled in conformity with national reform standards. He could then conduct a separate delegate selection process and either merge with the Loyalists later on or challenge them at the national convention (with a view towards a 50-50 compromise). This seems to be the strategy now being followed. The main problem with this route is that few Regulars seem willing to hew the course dictated by the McGovern-Fraser guidelines. In selecting their convention delegates, the Regulars proved it, ignoring several of the McGovern guidelines, including one that requires at least three-quarters of the delegation to be selected at congressional districts or lower levels. The reasonable representation rule seems also to have been ignored: of the 12 delegates elected by the Regulars, only two were black and two female. Of six delegates and alternates selected in Gov. Waller's home district all were white, including a segregationist state supreme court justice. One black man was nominated from the floor; he received 3½ of 49½ votes.

There are still possibilities for unity: both conventions are recessed and each group has appointed an official negotiating committee. In his keynote speech to the Regular state convention, Waller himself alluded to what many believe to be the main reason for continued interest in compromise—the congressional delegation. "Most of the members of the Mississippi delegation are at the top or near the top of important committees in Congress. To retain the seniority and influence of these seven statesmen [now six, since House Rules Committee chairman, William Colmer, is retiring], we must affiliate with the national party and help our delegation," the governor said.

The Regulars cannot win a credentials challenge against the Loyalists. If negotiations fail, they can challenge anyway, intending to be turned away in Miami Beach and using the rebuff to keep Mississippi out of the Democratic column in 1972. Or they can simply stay away from Miami with the same effect.

Either way, Waller must then opt for the GOP or hope that George Wallace makes another run in the American Independent Party. Waller's personal inclinations lead him away from Wallace—and besides he does not believe that the Alabama governor will run in November. In prodding the Regulars to unify, Waller has reasoned that "unlike four years ago, there will be no third party in 1972." With either Wallace or the GOP, Waller endangers Mississippi's congressional delegation. And if the Regulars are not part of the Mississippi convention delegation, the Loyalists will certainly come away armed with a resolution urging the congressional caucuses to strip some seniority from Mississippi's "seven statesmen in Washington." The task, in Aaron Henry's words, is to forge political unity among the grandsons of former slaves and the grandsons of former slaveowners.

Robert Lewis Shayon on Television

How To Look Like A Winner

The Selling of the President, Joe McGinniss's exposé of the media mercenaries who won for Mr. Nixon in 1968, escalated public concern about contrived television appearances of candidates who present themselves to the electorate. Since McGinniss's book (a new musical comedy loosely based on it is currently headed for Broadway) television observers have had two targets to follow during a presidential election year: the progress of the campaign on the tube and the state of the art of political campaigning on TV as practiced by the big-time technicians. In Philadelphia recently, at the Annenberg School of Communications, University of Pennsylvania, I presided over a colloquium in which Robert Squier and Roger Ailes talked to the question: "Political Campaigning on Television: Does It Serve the Democratic Process?" Squier handled Hubert Humphrey's TV campaign in 1968: this year he is directing Muskie's communications. Ailes is the former television executive producer of *The Mike Douglas Show*, who devised *The Man in the Arena* television format for Nixon in 1968. A cynical figure in McGinniss's *Selling of the President*, he is nevertheless once more a White House consultant in this year's campaign, and he has parlayed his connection with the President into a corporation which trains not only political candidates but also business executives in the art of self-presentation on television.

Squier works only for Democratic candidates, and within that fold he selects candidates he considers important who have the capacity to win. Ailes will work for any candidate he chooses regardless of party affiliation. Of the two,

Coming: Crawford Woods on Britain's Independent Television Authority.

my subjective impression is that Squier is more touched with political idealism: he fights for candidates he believes ought to win. Ailes fights to win. But, both believe in doing anything they can get away with. The win psychology is based on the assumption that getting into office is the sine qua non of political life. Both men defend their craft and believe that it serves the democratic process by "bringing politics out of the back room into the living room," by creating a new national interest in politics and by involving people in campaigns. They both agree that TV campaigning tends to focus on the candidates rather than the issues.

"TV cannot treat issues in depth," asserts Ailes, adding that the treatment-in-depth function belongs to magazines and newspapers, which must act as checks on the weaknesses of television's presentation of issues. When confronted by the counter-proposition that television's influence with the voter seems to be growing while the influence of print diminishes, both men concede that if that situation continues the democratic process is in some danger. Their suggested remedy lies in more dialogue between scholars and television campaign practitioners and in more research to assess the largely unknown effects of the marriage of TV and political candidates. Neither man expects a moratorium to be declared in their business, and they are gung ho for more professionalism and responsibility as "fly-by-nighters invade the business."

There is no doubt that the how-to-win advising of political candidates, which began on high, is now spreading down to congressional districts, municipal and county offices and even school boards. The Kaiser Broadcasting Corporation (6 stations in Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, San Francisco and Los Angeles) has hired Roger Ailes Associates to conduct a series of one-day workshops for political candidates in each of the broadcast group's six UHF-TV markets. I attended one session and spotted an incumbent state treasurer and a defeated mayoral candidate. The television stations provide the workshops free to the local candidates, hoping then to sell them time for the presentation of commercial political messages.

The candidates I observed were eager to learn the details of the art of winning, from wearing the right tie and suit, to the special requirements of lighting for black candidates. The way to play the

game (and it is "a game," both Squier and Ailes conceded) is to look like a winner, to avoid debates, to attack and draw fire, to say nothing if nothing will win, to appear at all times confident, composed, knowledgeable, likeable. Slogans are important but they can be disastrously reversed. Thus Goldwater's in 1964, "In your heart you know he's right," was turned back on the candidate by the counter-slogan, "In your guts you know he's nuts." Thus also Ottinger's in New York in 1970, "Ottinger Delivers" was neutralized by the opposition's version, "Ottinger's Mother Delivers." Even if your mother is financing your campaign, candidates have been advised, make it appear as if enthusiastic volunteers are pouring in contributions.

Both Squier and Ailes are sure that the 1970 campaign was the great watershed for their business: it was in that campaign that "negative" TV commercials directed against an opponent were proven inadvisable. A "negative" spot is one that is unfair, untrue, destructive. In Illinois, Indiana and Utah, candidates attacked by such spots won their races. It is interesting to note that the so-called "negative" spots are condemned not because they were unfair but simply because they didn't work. The 1972 campaign will see few such spots, Squier and Ailes predict. The trend is also away from the one-minute commercial political spot, although this form is still valuable for unknown candidates seeking quick recognition. The newer direction lies in "uncontrolled program material for the candidate," talks, documentaries and news rather than commercials. The TV campaign experts have been mightily persuaded by a new book, *The Ticket-Splitter*, by Walter DeVries and V. Lance Tarrance, Eerdmans (Grand Rapids, 1972), which asserts that more and more voters, especially young people, are deserting party labels for selective voting. Such ticket-splitters are persuaded by uncontrolled TV, the theory holds, and so this year's election will see candidates taping their press conferences and sending them to TV stations to be played as legitimate news.

American politics has always been an adversary game, but in the hands of the TV experts the conflict has been sharpened and narrowed to choosing "the man you can trust." Now that candidates are being trained to look trustworthy while practicing sophistry, the question looms: who will train the voter in detecting sophistry? There's no money in it, you can be sure.

Victor Alper on Art

Buying the Americans

Reflected in numerous record prices and in a higher volume of trading, the American art boom is affecting almost all schools, periods and styles. Investor-collectors crowd into the auction room in search of future profits. Winslow Homer's oil *School Time*, which was priced at \$200 in the 1874 National Academy exhibit, sold at a 1953 auction for \$5400. A decade later it was valued at more than \$35,000. Thomas Sully's *Artist's Daughter* was purchased in 1960 for \$1350. His *Rosalie Kemble Sully*, of similar size and quality, brought \$3100 at a recent Parke-Bernet auction.

Portraits by several late 18th-century artists—West, Peale, Stuart and Copley—are highly prized, and prices have begun to skyrocket. Portraiture of the period is characterized by austerity, emphatic linearity and strong tonal contrasts, although some paintings display livelier colors and a visual opulence. Benjamin West, who settled in London and achieved meteoric fame, is best known for historical and mythological paintings. But his meticulous portraits also reflect a technical virtuosity. In 1961 his *Drummond Brothers* sold for under \$700, and *Mary, Wife of Henry Thompson* brought approximately \$1000. Less than two years ago the final bid at Sotheby's for West's *John Eardly-Wilmont*—showing the legislator seated near a framed allegorical painting—rose to \$86,400.

Charles Wilson Peale, concerned with the effects of light and shadow, is famed for his canvases of great leaders. In 1958 his *George Washington* sold at Sotheby's for slightly under \$3000. Seven years later an image of the same statesman, with an elaborate background of soldiers and cannons, brought nearly \$40,000. The artist even found time from fathering 17 children to paint a self-portrait, which was recently acquired at a New York auction for \$60,000.

Gilbert Stuart's works are also selling at considerably higher prices: nearly \$10,000 (1965) for *Sir Charles Warre Malet* and approximately \$25,000 (1968) for *Miss Eleanor Stuart*. Although the artist is reputed to have painted more than

1000 portraits, including John Adams and four other presidents, collectors most highly value the Washington paintings. One hundred twenty-four portraits of the first president by Stuart are listed, but only three were done from life—the Vaughan bust portrait, the Lansdowne full-length, and the unfinished Athenaeum head, of which he made more than 70 copies. Mark Twain once remarked that if the Father of our Country should rise from the dead and not resemble the Stuart portrait, he would be denounced as an impostor! At a 1970 Parke-Bernet auction \$205,000 was paid for the artist's half-length seated figure of George Washington.

Despite the fame of many of Stuart's sitters, John Singleton Copley's portraits are almost always considered superior. A type of portraiture that he often employed with success was the *portrait d'apparat*, the picture of an individual accompanied by the materials of his everyday life. Copley's paintings are now commanding five and six figures. A portrait of John Loring, a naval officer holding a sword under his left arm, brought almost \$65,000 in 1969. *The 12th Earl of Eglinton, Hugh Montgomerie*, with its architectonic design, sold at Christie's in 1967 for \$161,700. And at a recent Parke-Bernet auction, all records were broken for his superb *General Thomas Gage*—\$210,000.

Investor-collectors are also hotly pursuing 19th-century American paintings. William M. Harnett's long-lost canvas *Ease*, a large still life, is valued by the Kennedy Galleries at \$350,000. (Several Harnetts are known to have changed hands for sums higher than \$210,000—the auction record—but these private deals are rarely publicized.) The Kennedy price tag reflects an extraordinary appreciation, since the highest bid for a Harnett was \$78,180 at a Christie's auction last season. *Attention, Company!*, the earliest of three known Harnett figure paintings, attracted considerable attention when discovered several months ago. Depicting a Negro boy playing soldier in a meticulously painted newspaper hat, it is of that 19th-century American genre—the “gamin picture,” portraying boys at play or engaged in mischief. To Homer, Sargent, Mount, Edmonds and Brown, the small boy was a symbol of American innocence and youth. But Harnett, unlike the other painters, does not show his gamin in action; instead, he is posed frontally against a wall. The artist's *trompe l'oeil* treatment of the human figure, like his rendering of objects, exactly records texture, weight and den-

sity. Enthusiastic bidders pushed the price of *Attention, Company!* to \$67,500.

Scenes of the American frontier are also appreciating rapidly. Catlin, Remington and Russell have been bringing remarkable prices. George Catlin spent years exploring the frontier, and between 1830 and 1836 became so intimate with many of the tribes that he was permitted to witness and sketch even sex and torture ceremonies. Catlin worked with such passionate rapidity that during one period of three months in Indian country he not only traveled some 2000 miles up and down the Missouri River, but also painted 66 life-size portraits, 44 genre scenes and 25 landscapes. He had great difficulty selling his works during his lifetime; today his paintings, drawings, illustrations and prints are all eagerly sought after.

The works of Frederic Remington and Charles Marion Russell, sometimes melodramatic and trite, have always been popular. Remington's *Dandy on Paseo* sold for \$3250 in 1956; *Cheyenne Scouts Patrolling the Big Timber of the North Canadian Oklahoma* was purchased for \$31,000 in 1969; and last year *Pack-Horse Men Repelling an Attack* (two men shooting at Indians crossing a river) brought \$55,000 at Samuel T. Freeman's in Philadelphia, and *Coming to Call* (a hunter in a canoe about to blast a moose) set a record of \$105,000 at Parke-Bernet in New York. A Remington bronze, *Coming Through the Rye*, set another auction record at the Astor Galleries: \$84,000. A very small watercolor of Russell's, *Indian Courtship*, sold for \$6000 in 1969; another watercolor, *On the Prod*, brought \$41,000 last year at Freeman's; and *A Range Mother, or A Serious Predicament* (an oil of two cowpokes lassoing calves) was recently acquired for \$90,000. Some Russell bronzes sell as high as \$50,000.

After his forced resignation from the Pennsylvania Academy in 1886, Thomas Eakins traveled to the Dakota Territory. He executed few paintings of western subjects, and certainly would not have considered *Cowboys in the Badlands* one of his best. It shows two cowboys and their horses poised on a promontory overlooking a valley. The canvas has neither the penetrating psychological insights nor the extraordinary compositional skill we have come to associate with Eakins' boating pictures, genre scenes, and portraits. Yet *Cowboys* sold at a recent Parke-Bernet sale for \$210,000, the highest auction price (along with Copley's portrait of Gage) ever paid for an American painting.

Dramatic appreciation is not confined

to the most famous artists. Ernest Lawson's *Hilly Country* brought \$5500 at auction in 1969. A year and a half later it crossed the block at \$8500. Selling for \$1000 to \$2000 in the early 1960s, Lawsons are now at least \$7000. A Cropsey watercolor sold for \$110 in 1958 went for \$6000 last year. Quality Cropsey landscapes are selling in the neighborhood of \$15,000 to \$20,000. Frederick Church's *Rainy Season in the Tropics*, acquired for \$10,000 in 1956, brought \$150,000 several years later. Paintings by John George Brown, which were purchased for under \$1500 a decade ago, are now valued at more than \$5000.

Why the boom? One factor is a better informed public that has been educated by museums, galleries, books and universities. During the 1965-66 season the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition, *Three Centuries of American Painting* and the Whitney's *Art of the United States: 1670-1966* generated considerable interest in the history of our nation's art. *Nineteenth-Century America*, a 1970 massive survey at the Met of paintings, sculpture and decorative arts, was one of the major events that helped to bring Americana to the attention of the present generation. The Whitney Museum

recently organized several one-man shows to further acquaint the public with such artists as Thomas Eakins, Edward Hopper and John Marin. In 1969 the New York Cultural Center held a Robert Henri retrospective; last year the National Gallery in Washington, DC, displayed John Sloan's art, and the Philadelphia Museum mounted a Whistler exhibit. New York galleries such as Chapellier, Danenberg, Hirschl & Adler and Kennedy, which specialize in American paintings, continuously show important artists. Last year the art community was delighted with *What is American in American Art?* at Knoedler and *American Masters* at Kennedy. The proliferation of books on American art and the increased number of courses offered by universities have also contributed to a wider awareness of our cultural heritage.

Another explanation is that European paintings have been pricing themselves out of the market. Relatively minor works by Renoir and Picasso continue to bring figures over the half-million mark. Moreover, fewer quality European paintings are coming onto the open market; they are already in public and private collections. But fine American works, rapidly diminishing in number, are still circulating, and in a decade the current prices of Copleys, Harnetts and Remingtons may seem like bargains.

Public taste is also reinforcing the trend. Because the domination of European artistic tradition is strongly evident in pre-20th century American painting, our artists were frequently considered imitators and rightly or wrongly judged inferior. This prejudice is rapidly being dispelled. Furthermore, the tidal wave of nostalgia surging through the country is also affecting segments of the art community. A revival of interest in 19th-century romanticism is one aspect of that phenomenon. Museum and gallery goers as well as buyers are enchanted by glimpses of western prairies and virginal landscapes. In an age of alienation and urbanization, we relate to family portraits and to genre scenes of simple rural joys.

It is doubtful, however, that the hard-headed investor-collector is influenced by these sentiments. Concerned with self-aggrandizement not an aesthetic experience, the speculator is beginning to force the art lover with limited funds out of the market. The marketplace for American art may soon be dominated not by the connoisseur, but by the profiteer.

On Psyching The Skyjackers

They will catch me
as sure as the check-out girls
in every Woolworths have caught me,
the badge
of my imagined theft shining in
their eyes.

I will be approaching the ticket counter
and knowing myself, myself,
will affect the nonchalance of a Baron.
That is what they'll be looking for.

I'll say "Certainly is nice that the
airlines are taking these precautions,"
and the man behind the counter
will press a secret button,

there'll be a hand on my shoulder
(this will have happened before
in a dream),
and in a back room they'll ask me
"Why were you going to do it?"

I'll say "You wouldn't believe
I just wanted to get to Cleveland?"
"No," they'll say.
So I'll tell them everything,

the plot to get the Pulitzer Prize
in exchange for the airplane,
the bomb in my pencil,
heroin in the heel of my boot.

Inevitably, it'll be downtown for
booking,
newsmen pumping me for deprivation
during childhood,
the essential cause.

"There is no one cause for any
human act,"
I'll tell them, thinking *finally*,
a chance to let the public in
on the themes of great literature.

And on and on, celebrating myself,
offering
no resistance, assuming what they
assume,
knowing, in a sense, there is no
such thing
as the wrong man.

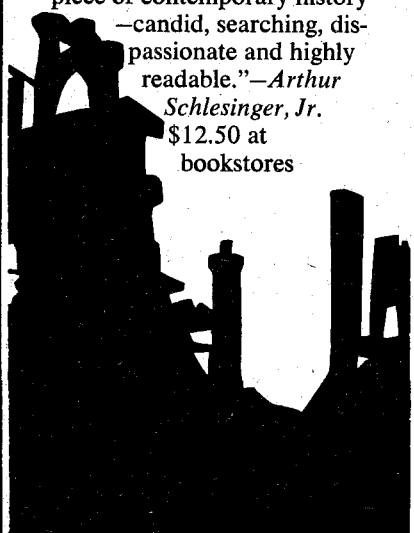
STEPHEN DUNN

People and Power in the Steelworkers Union

RIGHT TO CHALLENGE

by John Herling

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That Minstrel Boy

Places Where I've Done Time

by William Saroyan

(Praeger; \$6.95)

People are always misusing the phrase "first fine careless rapture," telling us that the poet said it can never be recaptured. Browning said just the opposite. He wrote about the thrush who sings each song twice over

Lest you should think he never
could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

As if to prove the point, here's a new book from William Saroyan.

Except that "twice over" does him an injustice. This is his fifth book of memoirs. I've read one other, *Here Comes There Goes You Know Who* (1961), and this new book is better. All his life Saroyan has been criss-crossing his life in his work, and his new book even treats some of the incidents of *Here Comes*—at a different angle. Saroyan is still worth attention because he is a Browning thrush: his is basically still a first rapture, still careless, and occasionally fine.

Places Where I've Done Time, a good title by a good titler, is a collection of 68 short pieces, mostly about two pages long, neatly out of chronological order. Each is a sketch or incident or mood fixed to a place, usually a specific address and date. The places range from an Oakland, California, orphanage in 1912 (he doesn't tell us here, but his widowed immigrant mother had to put her children in a home until she was able to support them) to his Paris apartment in 1969. The familiar Saroyan subjects are on hand: his boyhood, his first jobs and adventures, his gambling, his drinking, the way the money-men have cheated him during his life. His money motto might have been one of Kafka's "Reflections": "One must not cheat anybody, not even the world of its triumph." So when a film producer or a telegraph company or the Army eulches him, as they've been doing in print ever since *The Human Comedy* (1942), he puts on his duck-back and lets the water roll off.

The worst of Saroyan is here, the gran-

diose and the maudlin. Some pieces about the King of Kings and Reality are skippable. He retains a weakness for lines like this, after reading a book about Mexicans: "The book was fascinating, as of course any book about any people would have to be." His observations about films and the theater are no more helpful than they ever were. Replying to a "big movie man" who complained that his last girl just wasn't a star: "That can't possibly be so, since there is nobody who is not a star—the fault is either bad writing or bad directing."

Middle-grade Saroyan is here, too. For instance, the opening piece about himself and a cousin at a race-track outside San Francisco, which flirts with the wonderful horsey feelings that Sherwood Anderson really captured in "I'm A Fool" and "I Want to Know Why."

And there are bits of the best Saroyan. A piece in Paris, aged 61, in which he trims his big moustache and cuts off a lot of hair, both of which had been long for many years, has good familiar mystery in it. He looks in the mirror afterward: "There he was, himself again, as he had been thirty years ago, the well-known total stranger."

A piece called "The Santa Fe Depot, Fresno, 1922" describes a moment when, as a 14-year-old telegraph boy, he happened to see two dozen members of an Armenian family waiting for a train. A young man arrived who had been working for a year in New York, and hugged his father and mother and every one of the others waiting for him. Saroyan finishes:

Four months ago I went to the Santa Fe Depot in Fresno at eleven at night to catch the train to Chicago and New York, and I remembered exactly where Eddie had got off and where his whole family had stood, waiting for him. It made me laugh with happiness all over again.

It's easy, and it's also not so easy. Nos-

talgia, the pathos of youth lost and time past, with most of those hugging people now dead—these things lie ready to any writer's hand. But Saroyan (as he does not always do) has put it tacitly and exactly, has let the event and the juxtaposition work, without trying to work on us; and it is a crystal.

"As the saying is" is a phrase that recurs in the book—Saroyan's way of bowing to the world's clutter. Saroyan's own way of "saying" in this book is somewhat different from before. Not only is there less spilling, more distillation, but there is a quieter tone. In much of his previous work, there were attempts to vindicate and conquer, to explain why he hadn't been recognized as a great writer and to strive for the title still. He seems to have given that up. He mentions in passing that he can write better than O'Neill, but it's half-hearted blowing, compared with the past, simply a vestigial twitch. The new older Saroyan (born 1908) has a clearer sense of what he hasn't done, of what he is not, and so is more attractive as what he is.

And what is it that he is? First of all, he is the child of immigrants. All his life he has drawn considerable nutrition from the fact that he lives in two cultures, much as many Jewish writers have done or—in a real sense—many Southern writers. Saroyan has always got considerable rhetorical play out of long Armenian surnames, which are like rolling English adjectives, and out of the poignancy of transplanted customs and attitudes. (What Wasp family would have gone in its entirety to a railroad station so that each of them could hug a returning young man?)

Second—in a partly moving, partly dismaying, but wholly astonishing way—he has, all his life, looked at the world as a child. This doesn't contradict what I said about his new tone: he is childlike still. He writes about Paris the way he writes about Oakland, and vice versa. We don't feel the aging author intruding into the early memories any more than we feel conscious naiveté in the rue Taitbout. The view is always that of a boy.

This does not mean that he is a great "lover of life"—the epithet often applied to him. Children don't love life. They can't, they don't know enough about it. Children simply live, and like to do what they like, and kick at what they don't like, and are often cruel because they are curious or just because they like it. Saroyan tells us that when he was 13, he dropped a cat from the top

of a 100-foot tower. He says he was ashamed at the last moment, but he did it because other boys were watching and cheering and laughing, and he wanted to prove himself. Writing about his play *The Time of Your Life* (NR, Nov. 22, 1969) I noted that it divides people into Good and Bad and says that if you are Good, you can do what you like to the Bad. This is a child's view, founded purely on self-gratification, and has nothing to do with loving life.

Because Saroyan is still a boy, his visit to a Paris bordello is a boy's fantasy and his talk about his wife, whom he disliked, is rather like Huck Finn's talk about the Widow Douglas. And because he is still a boy, of a certain period and upbringing, his occasional mild profanity startles and his mention of an orgasm is a shock. Saroyan? Orgasms? We all know some facts about his life, but Saroyan the writer? It seems out of character, precocious.

I can think of no other American writer—no other writer of serious intent—who has remained boyish throughout his entire career. Mark Twain wrote about childhood through child's eyes, but *The Mysterious Stranger* and *Letters from the Earth* come as no surprise from him, while cognate works would be a surprise from Saroyan.

In the long view, it's a sad career. How much he has poured out and how little sticks. What a fresh, unique, welcome voice he had when he started—those early stories, those first carefree plays. In the mid-30s there were phrases from Saroyan ("cookies, raisins in") that were catchwords with me and my friends. The voice is still unique: he has had no memorable disciples or even imitators. But mostly it has kept saying the same things, most of which it had already said better.

Well, if he hasn't really grown he is at least much the same. Some of the places in *Places* deliver good quick stabs of feeling. (The most ironic section is one in which Saroyan, the perennial boy, can't communicate with his own children.) The book is sometimes gassy, and sometimes gooey, but it's never fake. Honesty is not enough, particularly when it's youthfully lyric honesty, and when a 40-year career is based on it. But the best thing about Saroyan is that he didn't choose to do it that way, he *had* to do it that way, and sometimes—*as sometimes in this book—it's lovely.*

Stanley Kauffmann

In Brief

The Pound Era by Hugh Kenner

(University of California Press; \$14.95)

The Pound Era "was planned," says Hugh Kenner, "as an X-ray moving picture of how our epoch was extricated from the *fin-de-siècle*." The *fin-de-siècle* was, among many things, Swinburne, who could take a single simple line from a Greek song and, being "never at a loss for more words," puzzle it out into eight. Ezra Pound was, among many things, a polemicist for "concision, or style, or saying what you mean in the fewest and clearest words." He therefore helped lead poetry into imagism, vorticism and other concisionisms, such as leaving out the "like" in similes and the verbs in propositions. Hugh Kenner is our most knowing and enthusiastic Pound scholar, a true disciple who partakes of the Pound conciseness, lives the Pound vision of art and language. The result is a difficult, quirky, Poundian volume combining extraordinary specificity of prosodic analysis with way-out cultural syntheses.

The focus is of course on Pound's poems, but the great life is here too with its generosities and blindnesses. How different, for example, might have been Poundian economics if Rapallo had not hidden "industrialization from him. . . . Always he referred wealth to the soil . . . [and] missed, in his isolation, the major historical event of his time, the *de facto* transfer of the basis of capital . . . from gold to credit: a transfer he of all men was disposed to celebrate." Kenner on the other hand misses little; his book is definitive, but it is for those already learned in EP.

The Collected Poetry of Abraham Lincoln

(Privately Printed. Distributed by Southern Illinois University Press; \$5)

The collected verse of Abe could be printed in two or three pages of this magazine. His major works, written between 1844 and 1847, consist of a 10-quatrain poem about childhood, a 15-quatrain poem about a maniac, and a monster 22-quatrain opus about a bear hunt. The minor works, coming to 20 lines in all, are capped by a "stanza of doggerel" written in happiness follow-

ing General Lee's defeat at Gettysburg:

General Lee's Invasion of the North, written by himself—

"In eighteen sixty three, with pomp,
and mighty swell,
Me and Jeff's Confederacy went
forth to sack Phil.del.
The Yankees they got arter us, and
gin us partic,lar h-ll,
And we skedaddled back again,
and didn't sack Phil.del."

As the editor, Paul M. Angle, observes, "Abraham Lincoln had a strong streak of poetry in his nature, but it came out to best advantage in prose." The reader may be rewarded, however, in thinking of the great man composing these unpretentious lines and, in the case of the childhood and maniac poems, seeing them published anonymously in the *Quincy Whig*—true immortality.

The Almanac of American Politics

by Michael Barone,
Grant Ujifusa and
Douglas Matthews

(Gambit; \$12.95, cloth; \$4.95, paperback)

Three young Harvard graduates have put together an up-to-date political profile of those who run our government in Washington and those who sent them there. The political situation in each particular state is covered, as well as vital statistics about each district.

Here is what is included in the *Almanac's* 1030 pages: each district's census data, its per capita income, and what constitutes its economic base. The state's federal tax burden is listed as well as its share of the federal outlays—what's given and what's taken. Noting that "you really don't know why who gets elected until you know

Note:

The Imperial Republic by Gerald W. Johnson has just been published by Liveright (\$5.95). Its subtitle is "Speculation on the future if any of the Third U.S.A." This is Gerald Johnson's 35th published work. For many years he wrote a weekly column for *The New Republic* entitled "The Superficial Aspect," and he is still a contributing editor.

who votes and why," the *Almanac*—in considerable detail—describes the voters. It tells the number of Democrats and Republicans, the percentage of white- and blue-collar workers, and the ethnic breakdown. Who voted for whom in the last three elections and even primary results are listed. Maps of each state outlining the districts are included, as well as lists of the important votes last year and how congressmen voted, and also how to contact each representative, who to talk to, what committee he is on, how he is rated by nine groups ranging politically from the Americans for Democratic Action to the National Association of Businessmen, plus facts about his career and his political style.

There's more. In the back all the major defense contractors are listed, all the Senate and House committees are listed, and the total national outlays are listed. More important, the *Almanac* happens to be most readable with its expert descriptions of districts, and interpretations of the people who live and vote in them. For example, this account of the 17th district in New York:

New York 17 is the silk stocking district. It is dominated by the Upper East Side of Manhattan, which Theodore White once called the Perfumed Stockade. The 17th also includes the skyscrapers of Midtown and much of Greenwich Village, which, in spite of its presumed Bohemianism, is as fashionable and expensive an address as any in New York. . . . The 17th probably has more writers, painters, theatre people, and TV personalities than any other district in the country. For these people, and for many New Yorkers who identify with them, politics sometimes becomes a question of personal style or lack of it, and political preference just one more fashionable accessory.

The Word by Irving Wallace

(Simon & Schuster; \$7.95)

The Irving Wallace formula for a best seller seems to be: put everything in, make a goulash. His new novel has in it, for example, a new New Testament gospel (writ by Jesus' sibling, James)

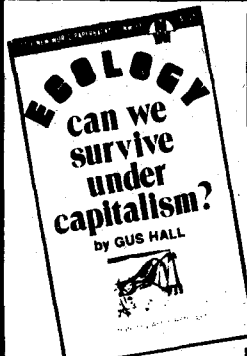
and a Second Coming. It also has spies, international police, two miracles (one gets tentatively canceled out) and a proposed Protestant Vatican. It has its own Billy Graham (an evangelist friend of the President), its own Ralph Nader (a truth man determined to reveal the hush-ups in big corporations, such as the marvelous pill one puts in the gas tank with water to make the car go) and even its own Clifford Irving (an ancient-papyrus forger). It also has doses of sex, drugs, tragic irony, scholarly hokum, French legal technicalities and journalistic scoops of greater bang than the Pentagon Papers. And it has an honest PR man in the middle who indefatigably traces down the origins of the new gospel and, alone in splendid vigilance, becomes convinced from crushing evidence that the gospel is a hoax. We leave this heroic figure at the end making arrangements with the Nader-type to do battle against the Big Lie. And so the novel's theme is as follows (the hero is speaking to the Nader-type): "I've decided to go into the business of truth." To which the Nader-type replies: "You mean that, Steve? You really mean it?" One would guess from the crushing evidence that Irving Wallace does *not* really mean it. His book is an old and familiar American evil, but with exceptional horsepower.

Death, Heaven and The Victorians by John Morley

(University of Pittsburgh Press; \$12.95)

There are many ways to approach a given historical era, and one of them is certainly shown in this book by an English historian who wants us to glimpse the Victorian age by getting to know

how death was looked upon (and responded to, and celebrated, and written about) during the 19th century. The author is no sociologist, but he has a sharp eye for the fears and anxieties that plague Western man. He can also write well, and pull together what he sees, and he supplements his text with a series of remarkable photographs, which introduce us first hand to the various aspects of Victorian mourning. It seems clear that in death, as in life, the Victorians struggled hard to prove themselves important, worthy of note, thoroughly accomplished and honorable. Moreover, they saw Heaven as a continuation of their already significant achievement: just as England had become the world's first nation, after death the English bourgeoisie would find its natural high place in God's scheme of things. Meanwhile all that families could do was notify the living of how much they had lost—with ornate announcements, splendid and expensive funerals, lavish tombstones. The result was a kind of second-rate art form (dresses, "funeral teapots," handkerchiefs, brooches, earrings, and on and on). Occasionally poets or novelists made something more of it all—wrote in such a manner that an age's morbid preoccupation, its vanities and conceits somehow became purified and even ennobled; but all in all what Mr. Morley's book tells us is rather dismaying: men and women on the rise, on the make, can never escape the dimensions of their lives, however established they become. Those Victorian merchants and generals and admirals and ever so pious clergymen thought they had a pact with Eternity Itself, whereas to us, their successors, they and their pretensions are to be smiled at if not scorned. So it goes in history—one generation's proud self-confidence gives way to another's ridicule; but we never seem to learn that lesson well enough to let it inform the substance of our everyday lives.



ECOLOGY

CAN WE SURVIVE UNDER CAPITALISM?

By Gus Hall

The author holds that the workers and the ghettos suffer most from pollution and that only a socialist system can save us from eventual extermination by the poisoned environment.

Illustrated by ANTON REFREGIER. Paperback \$1.25

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS 301 Park Avenue South New York, N. Y. 10016

Anthony Trollope by James Pope Hennessy

(Little, Brown; \$10)

Coming in 1841 to Ireland, where he became deputy postal surveyor and then inspector, Anthony Trollope first settled in Banagher, a town of 3000, now shrunken to 1100. His biographer, James Hennessy, who lives in Banagher, finds it picturesque even in its decline and offers colorful, sometimes redundant details about the history, topography and customs of the Ireland where Trollope hunted the fox, tracked down defaulting postmasters, married, formed a friendship with a priest he had thrown down a flight of stairs, and wrote a tragic first novel in which his genius for depicting clerical types triumphed over his wayward and sometimes flatly amateurish storytelling. Hennessy is equally at home with the flora and fauna of the West Indies, where Trollope—using his energies to double purpose—carried out a postal mission and gathered material for a travel book.

It is the man rather than the settings that a serious biographer must eventually capture. Trollope was the ugly duckling of his family, but his own autobiography, Hennessy recognizes, made the ugly duckling twice as ugly as life in order to dramatize his emergence into swanhood. There was less than accuracy, too, in Trollope's philistine as-

sertion that he wrote books as matter-of-factly as a cobbler repairs shoes. What emerges from Hennessy's unsentimental portrait of the novelist is a loud-voiced, prickly-tempered, quarrelsome and bullying, occasionally half-mad fellow whose gross tactics concealed a vast sensitivity. Generous with monies despite his shrewd business sense, he worked himself into the grave.

As literary critic Hennessy has little to add to the estimates of Trollope made by Henry James, Hugh Walpole, Michael Sadleir, Beatrice Curtis Brown and others. Though he has used unpublished letters and business papers, Hennessy's failure to truss up his scholarship with footnotes raises questions. Also Minnesotans will cringe when they find Hennessy moving St. Paul to Illinois, and other readers, remembering Trollope's account of his working methods, will raise an eyebrow at Hennessy's assertion that Trollope revised not at all. Despite its faults it is a readable introduction to the man and his work.

Going to America by Terry Coleman

(Pantheon; \$8.95)

In the middle years of the 19th century they came and came to America—from England and Scotland and Ireland, from

the islands that once were the Mother Country. They came because they were hungry, jobless, at loose ends, anxious to start a new life. They left reluctantly or eagerly, and upon arrival they found no new Jerusalem, but a country beset with its own difficulties. Still, despite the swindlers and liars and confidence men who awaited these new immigrants, and despite the paranoia and hate that established Americans visited upon immigrants (however like them in "background") the New World was just that, not old enough and settled enough to be without "opportunity." Terry Coleman is a journalist, but also a thoughtful social historian and a first-rate writer. The dilemma of those who experienced Ireland's famine or England's harsh and vindictive social system comes across as thoroughly familiar to us who have witnessed in this century so many forced and melancholy migrations. It is all here—the mixed fear and hope of the supplicants, the decency and narrowness of the hosts. America was the one last chance of so many, and America wanted to build itself up by continuing to be just that. Yet, only 70 years after its revolution America also had become the home and property of a vested group—shopowners and politicians and just plain vulnerable and scared citizens—who were *there*, hence afraid of what was coming. Never mind race, never mind ethnicity, those "variables" we now make so much of; tall, blond Anglo-Saxons could also be looked upon as the plague itself, could be called awful names and subjected to awful indignities—by people who themselves had but arrived a few years earlier. So it has been, and so it continues to be.

Werewolf by Bruce Lowery

(Vanguard; \$5.95)

These days, with social scientists and psychiatrists self-consciously putting their labels on everything, it is really rather remarkable that our novelists can bear to continue to probe man's psychological complexities. It is especially remarkable that a novelist like Bruce Lowery dares write about children who grow up nervous, frightened and at the edge of their senses. The dangers of writing such a novel are formidable; *Werewolf*, with its subtitle, "A Novel of

The Prisoner of Zenda

The prisoner of Zenda
 escaped into business
 escaped into fan fantasies
 escaped into foodsmoke cyclamate
 escaped into bedsex escapades
 escaped into exercise escape walkland scape
 escaped into phone phoney talk
 escaped into author talkybook
 escaped into artistpictook music
 escaped into surprises and drawlots
 into soothed stuffed
 through the escaped
 escaping
 years

MARY HENNINGER

Fraternal Attachment," might easily have become yet another barely disguised "case history," full of all sorts of portentous mental "events." Instead we have a touching and unnerving story written by a novelist who hasn't the slightest interest in showing us that this or that psychologist was, after all, correct, but wants to bring alive, through his characters, some of life's awful possibilities, and yes, some of the "loving-kindness." Darrick and Martin are brothers, and to be a brother is not only to feel "sibling rivalry" but to share a fate, be subject to similar hazards and opportunities. Darrick is pursued by demons and at times desperately troubled. His mother is weak, his father aloof and mean-spirited. He has only his young brother—and his mind's considerable resourcefulness, which Mr. Lowery does a brilliant job of conveying. In fact, all that goes on between the two boys, and between them and their parents, is portrayed sensitively and tactfully. One is reminded that however we try to categorize human involvements, an original and imaginative writer can break free and summon up his very own world. So, the air of mystery and uncertainty that this novel offers is not only valuable artistically (the reader is kept interested), but also an important antidote to our age's tendency to make all experience predictable, hence ultimately boring to contemplate.

Correspondence

Federal Subsidies

Sirs:

In his letter of March 4, 1972, Mr. Stark attempts to take you to task over your definition of subsidy in the February 5, 1972 article "Cornucopius Subsidies." He argues that your including "indirect" as well as "direct," pecuniary benefits of government economic activity results in "abusing words like 'subsidy' to the point that they lose

all meaning." His charge is nonsense.

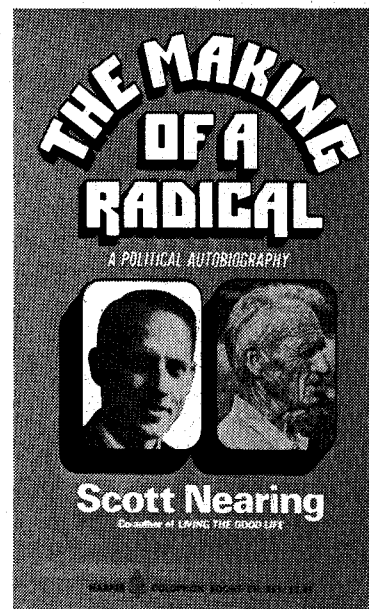
Mr. Stark fails to realize the difference between the legal or accounting burden (or benefit) of taxation (or subsidy) and the resulting economic effects. If the government passes a one dollar excise on widgets, stipulating that the seller of widgets must mail a check to the authorities equal to one dollar times the number of widgets sold, does it necessarily follow that the seller (or buyer for that matter) pays the entire one dollar widget tax because he writes out the check? Of course not. In most cases the widget tax will be shared between seller and buyer, the portion paid by each determined by the elasticities of the supply and demand curves for widgets (which would determine the amount of price increase, if any). Here the seller, like the banker in Mr. Stark's letter, is physically paying out the requisite money but the economic burden or incidence of the tax, is not borne exclusively by him. Why, because of the "indirect" effects caused by the market. If the situation were reversed, and the seller received from the government one dollar for each widget sold, would it follow that the subsidy enjoyed by the seller would be equal to one dollar times the number of widgets sold? Again the answer is no. The actual subsidy enjoyed by the seller will be market determined and not necessarily the amount on the check, or in other words, will be an indirect effect of the actual outlay.

The point I'm making is that in ascertaining the economic affects of government activity (which I presume the mentioned article intended to do) indirect effects *must* be considered if the effort is to have any meaning.

The fact that the homeowner can deduct real estate taxes and mortgage interest from his income and the renter (who contributes to the real estate tax through his rent) across the street with the same income may not, means these two people are being treated unequally, and the homeowner is receiving a subsidy. The size of the subsidy is the difference in federal tax payments, *ceteris paribus*, between the two. It matters not whether the subsidy is received by way of a check through the mail or a reduced federal tax outlay. The distinction is specious, both the homeowner and the welfare recipient are receiving a government "dole" which may be larger for the former than the latter.

Paul L. Menchik
University of Pennsylvania

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS
VICTOR ALPER teaches English at New York University. STEPHEN DUNN is a teacher of creative writing at Southwest Minnesota State College. ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON is a contributing TV-radio editor of Saturday Review and teaches communications at The Annenberg School of Communications, University of Pennsylvania.

ADA

Sirs:

The recent decision of the national board of Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) to publish a list of "unacceptable" presidential candidates was not as simple a matter as your "'72 Campaign" report of March 11 suggested. As the initiator of the move to delete the name of Sen. Hubert Humphrey from that list, I can vouch for the fact that there was no grand strategy on the part of McGovern advocates to take Humphrey off the list, or of Muskie people to keep him on.

I made the motion to delete Humphrey's name quite spontaneously after seeing the original resolution and declining an invitation to be a co-sponsor. The reason was simple: I did not think it fair to Humphrey to be lumped with reactionaries like Yorty, Mills and Jackson. Even considering his lapses from the liberal line, he didn't deserve that.

Moreover, it was the feeling of the vast majority of the board that an endorsement at this time would be both premature and unrepresentative of the full organization, whose annual convention is just a month away. I reasoned that if the board at this time is too unrepresentative to endorse, it is too unrepresentative to exclude, particularly someone who has some support within the organization. In fact, your report should have included a mention of a motion to exclude *all* names from the resolution, which failed by a mere 11 votes earlier in the day. That move was made for the above reasons and because it was felt that a totally negative resolution was gratuitous—not, certainly, because there was support for most of the persons on the list.

Third, if a move had been made to endorse anyone on February 25, it would have been Lindsay, not McGovern; but no endorsement was attempted because of a sense of the time, not because there was insufficient support for a candidate.

Finally, the resolution did not deal only with Democrats, as you implied, nor with only those candidates you mentioned. Wallace was, of course, on the list of undersirables, and a motion to include Hartke failed. Moreover, Nixon and Ashbrook were included, too; and Jackson was criticized along with the other four senator-candidates who were absent for the vote on the Griffin Amendment.

*Denis Wadley, President
Minnesota Chapter
Americans for Democratic Action*

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